



SPIN SHAW



ZERO



POISON IVY



10 REYNOLDS  
OF THE MOUNTED



BRUCE BLACKBURN



BIG TOP



RUSTY RYAN

# FEATURE

COMICS

DECEMBER



THE DOLL MAN



MICKEY FINN

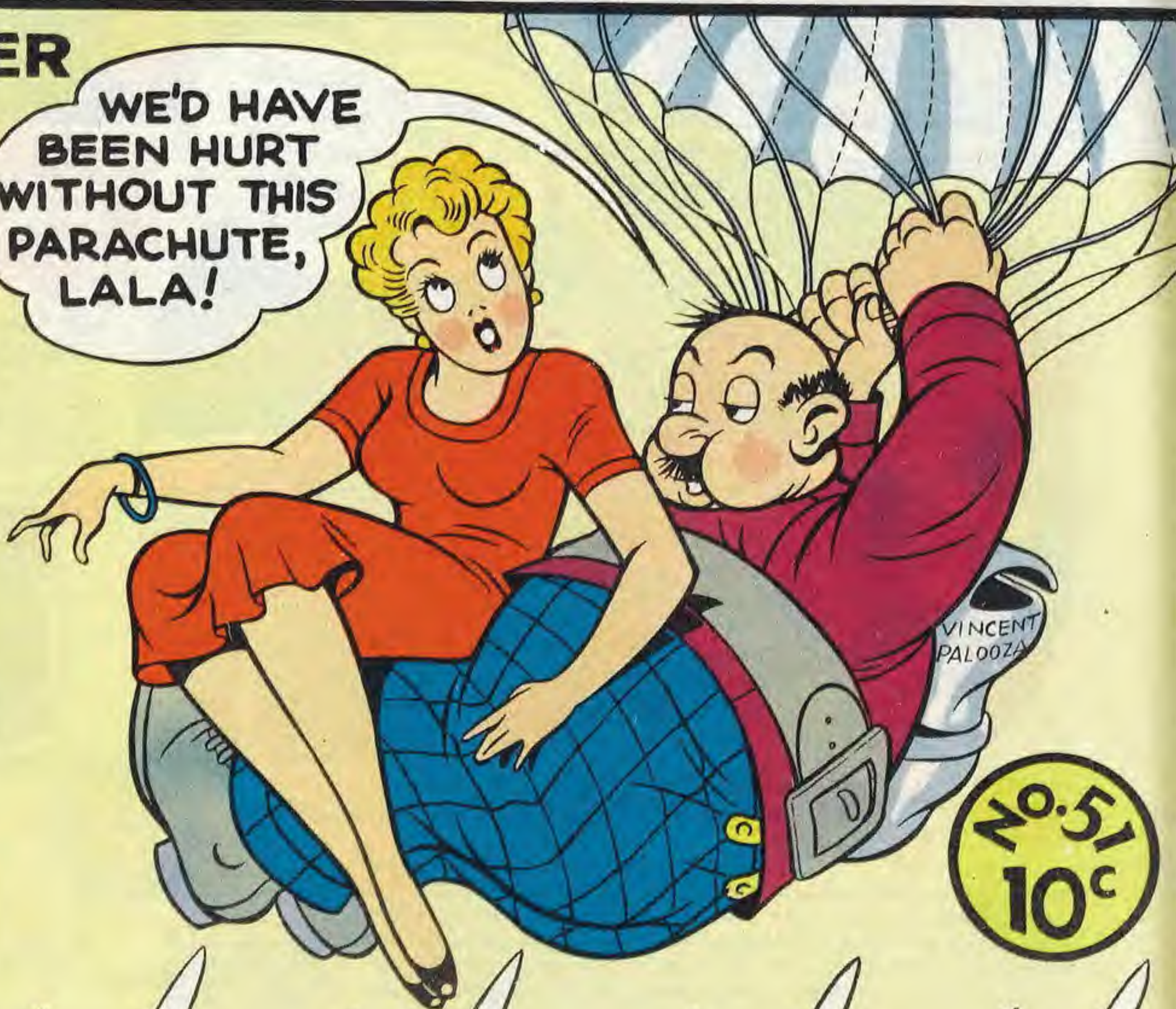


SAMAR

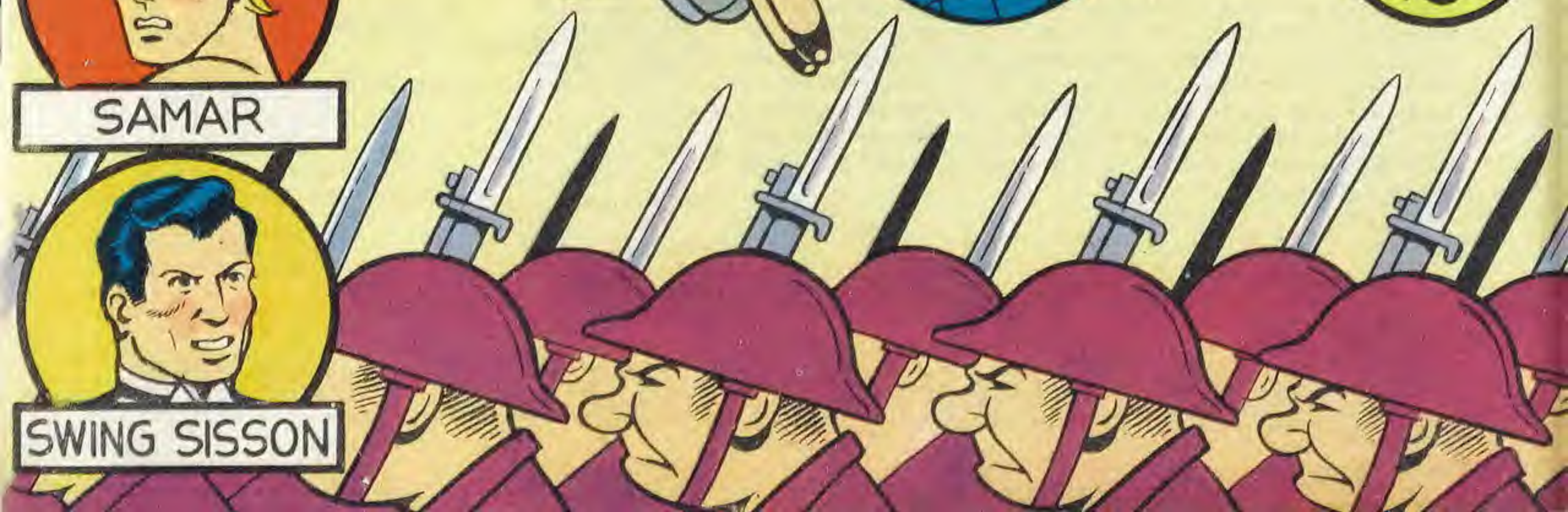


SWING SISSON

WE'D HAVE BEEN HURT WITHOUT THIS PARACHUTE, LALA!



No. 51  
10c

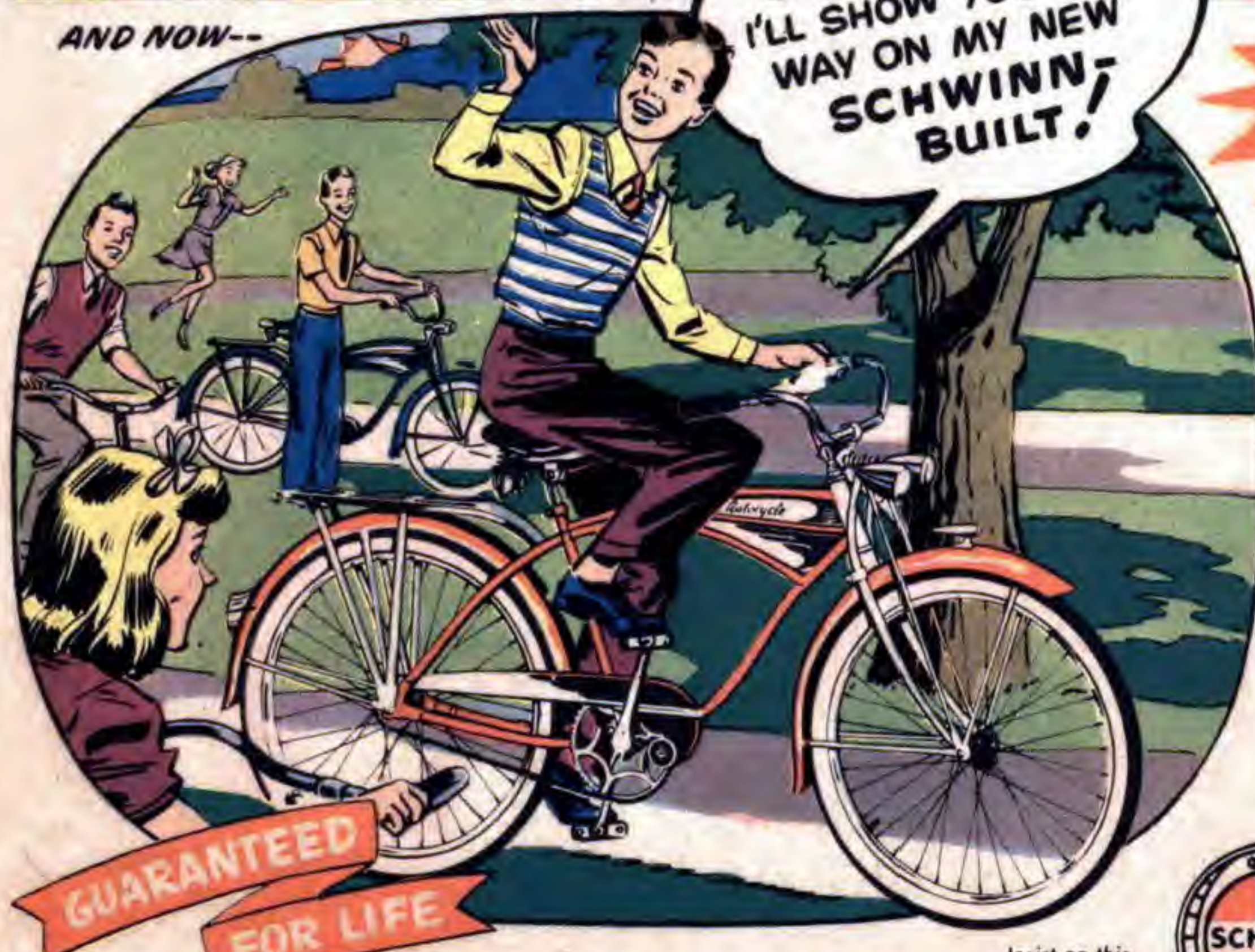




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# THEY CALLED HIM "Stay-at-Home-Sammy" -- BUT NOW HE LEADS THE GANG!



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THE

# DOLL MAN

BY WILLIAM ERWIN MAXWELL



**D**ARREL DANE AGAIN TAKES THE OFFENSIVE AS THE TINY BUT POWERFUL DOLL MAN IN A LONE BATTLE AGAINST CORRUPT FORCES UNDERMINING AMERICA'S GREAT DEFENSE EFFORT.

AT THE DUBOIS POWDER PLANT, DARREL'S CLOSE FRIEND, DR. ROBERTS, IS ENGAGED IN CHEMICAL RESEARCH. HE WORKS LATE ONE NIGHT, TESTING GUNPOWDER, WHEN SUDDENLY...

H'M? WHAT'S THIS?

STEEL FILINGS MIXED WITH THESE POWDER GRAINS. THE STEEL COULD CAUSE A SPARK AND THEN... HOLY SMOKE! I'D BETTER PHONE DARREL!

DR. ROBERTS SNATCHES UP THE PHONE AND DIALS HIS HOME NUMBER HURRIEDLY.

HELLO, MARTHA! LET ME TALK WITH DARREL... YES, DARREL, I EXPECT TROUBLE AT THE PLANT! RUSH OVER AS FAST AS YOU CAN!







WH-WHAT'S WRONG? IS DAD HAVING TROUBLE?

HE DIDN'T SAY MUCH, MARTHA... SOUNDED SORT OF MYSTERIOUS. BUT HE WANTS ME RIGHT AWAY?

BUT, DARREL.. YOU'RE NOT GOING WITHOUT ME? I DON'T WANT TO MISS ANYTHING?



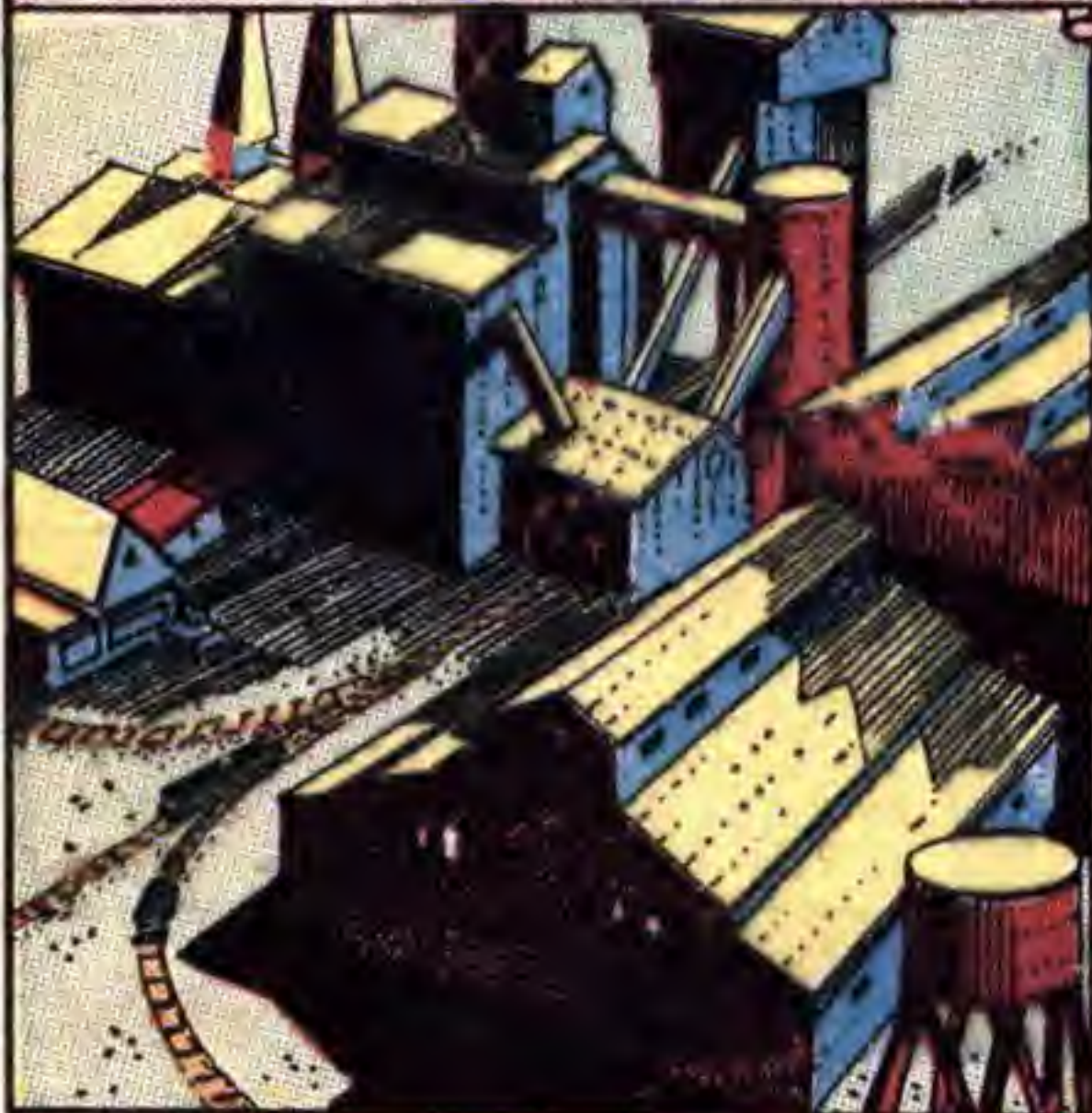
RUSHING OUT TO DARREL'S CAR, THEY SPEED TOWARD THE POWDER PLANT.

I WISH DAD DIDN'T WORK THERE. IT'S DANGEROUS, ISN'T IT?

YES.. BUT DON'T WORRY!



SOON THEY ARE WITHIN SIGHT OF THE SPRAWLING BUILDINGS OF THE GREAT POWDER WORKS.



AT THE GATE, DARREL IS STOPPED BY A GUARD.



SURE I'VE A PASS..

YEAH.. YOU'RE DOC ROBERTS' PAL.. G'WAN IN?

DARREL AND MARTHA PASS THROUGH BUT..

HM? THAT'S RIGHT. THE BOSS WANTS TO KNOW WHEN ROBERTS HAS VISITORS. I'D BETTER CALL HIM AT ONCE!



IN HIS SWANK OFFICE, LESTER DUBOIS RECEIVES THE GUARD'S CALL.



YEAH.. OKAY, PHIL.. BUT DON'T LET ANYONE OUT UNTIL I GIVE YOU THE WORD!

AS THE GUARD HANGS UP, DUBOIS TURNS ANGRILY ON HIS FOREMAN.

THAT YOUNG GUY DANE IS HERE TO SEE ROBERTS. ARE YOU SURE YOU GAVE THE DOC A SAMPLE OF LOT NUMBER SEVENTY?



ER.. SURE, BOSS.. BUT I'LL GO TO THE LAB AND CHECK UP..

JEEPERS.. I GAVE ROBERTS NUMBER SEVENTEEN!







MEANWHILE OUTSIDE THE LABORATORY...

STAY HERE, MARTHA. IT'S SAFER.



A MOMENT LATER AL WATKINS BURSTS IN UPON DR. ROBERTS.

HOLD IT, DOC! I'VE GOTTA TAKE BACK THAT SAMPLE OF POWDER.

I SHAN'T LET HIM GET THIS STUFF.



NO! YOU CAN'T TAKE THAT! STOP!



THAT'LL TAKE CARE OF THE OLD FOOL!



OOPS! WHAT'S YOUR RUSH, CHUM?

EOW! THE POWDER!

YOU DOPE! WHY DONTCHA WATCH WHERE YA GOIN'?

THE BOTTLE SMASHES AND POWDER MIXED WITH STEEL FILINGS SPILLS UNDER THEIR FEET.







TWO CAN PLAY AT THIS GAME, MISTER!



DARREL'S BLOW SENDS WATKINS REELING BACK.

GUARDS! STOP THIS GUY..THROW HIM OUT!



STEP ON IT, FELIX! THE FOREMAN IS HAVIN' TROUBLE WIT SOME WISE MUG!

IT'S DA BUM'S RUSH FER HIM!



BUT IN A FLASH, DARREL BECOMES THE DOLL MAN.

HEY! WHERE'D DAT SKUNK SCRAM TO?



AT WATKIN'S COMMAND, THE GUARDS SEIZE DR. ROBERTS.

C'MON, YOU! GIT MOVIN'!



LOOKIT THAT THING ON TH' FLOOR! SQUASH IT!

SO IT'S A GAME OF SQUASH NOW?



LIKE A MINIATURE THUNDERBOLT, THE DOLL MAN STREAKS UPWARD.

THEN I'LL SERVE FIRST.. THIS WAY!



WITH THE SPEED AND DESTRUCTIVE FORCE OF A TORNADO, THE DOLL MAN SWINGS BLOW AFTER BLOW INTO THE FOREMAN AND HIS GUARD.



NINETEEN..  
TWENTY..  
TWENTY-ONE  
TO NOTHING?  
MY GAME?

NIMBLY THE DOLL MAN DIPS  
INTO THE POCKETS OF HIS  
UNCONSCIOUS VICTIMS.

WOW! WHAT A  
ROLL FOR A GUARD  
TO BE LUGGING!  
I WONDER  
WHO'S PAY-  
ING HIM  
FOR WHAT??

NOW WHAT THE  
DEUCE BECAME OF  
DOC ROBERTS?  
THOSE OTHER  
GUARDS MUST  
HAVE TAKEN HIM  
TO DUBOIS'  
OFFICE!

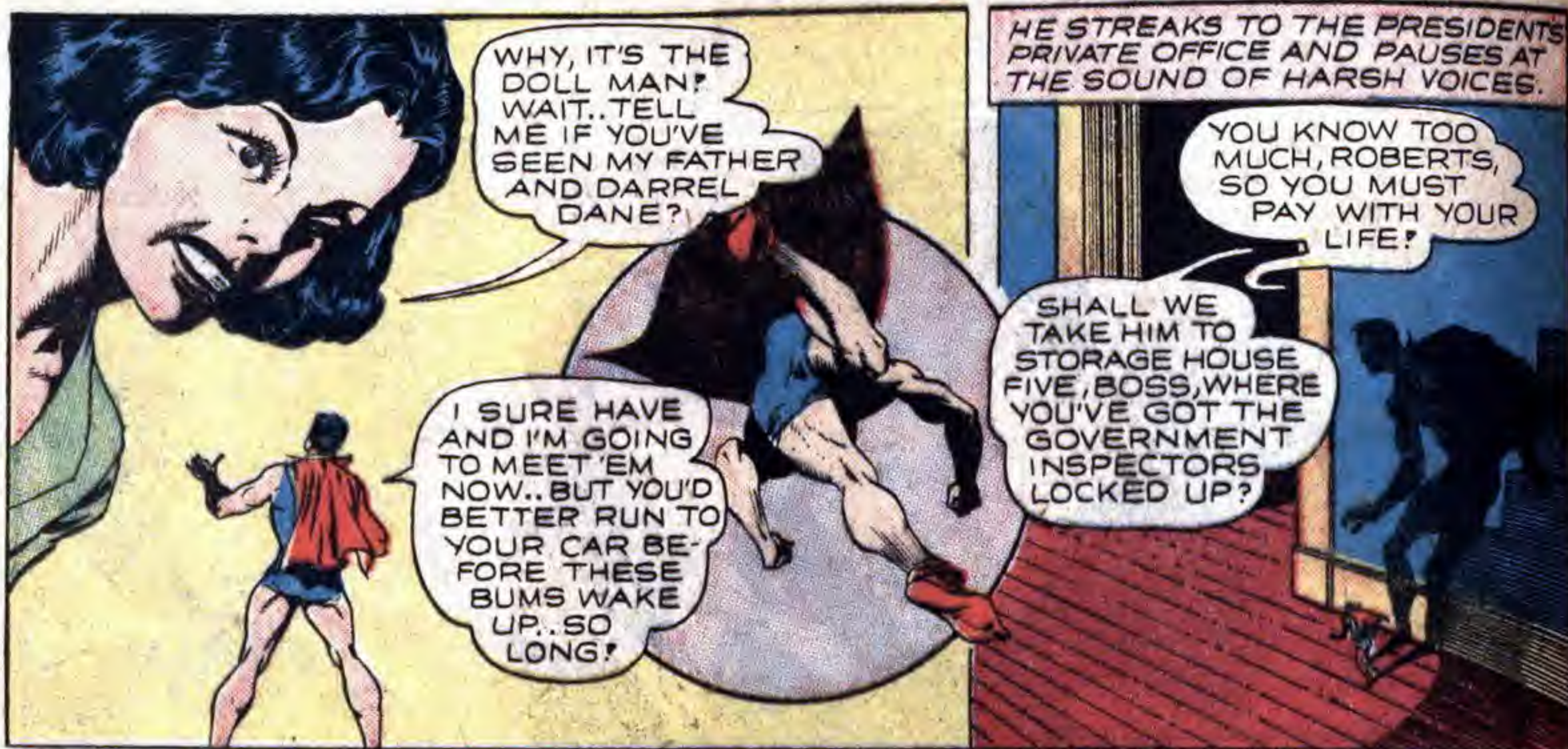
WHIZZING INTO THE YARD HE  
FINDS MARTHA GETTING  
ROUGH TREATMENT.

G'WAN! GET  
OUT! YOU CAN'T  
HANG AROUND  
HERE!

A POWERFUL LEAP SHOTS  
THE DOLL MAN SMACK PAST  
EACH GUARD'S JAW.

OH!





WHY, IT'S THE DOLL MAN! WAIT..TELL ME IF YOU'VE SEEN MY FATHER AND DARREL DANE?

I SURE HAVE AND I'M GOING TO MEET 'EM NOW..BUT YOU'D BETTER RUN TO YOUR CAR BEFORE THESE BUMS WAKE UP..SO LONG!

HE STREAKS TO THE PRESIDENT'S PRIVATE OFFICE AND PAUSES AT THE SOUND OF HARSH VOICES.

YOU KNOW TOO MUCH, ROBERTS, SO YOU MUST PAY WITH YOUR LIFE!

SHALL WE TAKE HIM TO STORAGE HOUSE FIVE, BOSS, WHERE YOU'VE GOT THE GOVERNMENT INSPECTORS LOCKED UP?



THAT'S RIGHT, WATKINS..THEN WE'D BETTER BLOW THE HOUSE UP..AND IF YOU RUN UP AGAINST THAT DOLL MAN FILL HIM WITH LEAD!

DUBOIS FAILS TO HEAR TINY FOOTSTEPS BEHIND HIM AS HE WATCHES THE GUARDS LEADING DR. ROBERTS TO HIS DEATH.

THE EXPLOSION WILL LOOK LIKE AN ACCIDENT. THEN I CAN GO AHEAD ON THOSE SPECIAL NAVY ORDERS!

WITH THE SKILLED MIND OF A DETECTIVE, THE DOLL MAN KNOWS THAT A DESK DRAWER OFTEN REVEALS VITAL INFORMATION



GREAT GUNS! DUBOIS IS VIOLATING FEDERAL LAWS! THIS CONTRACT IS WITH A TOTALITARIAN NATION!

RUSTLING PAPERS CATCH DUBOIS'S ATTENTION..



WHAT TH??

A SUDDEN LEAP BY DUBOIS AND THE DOLL MAN IS CAPTURED..





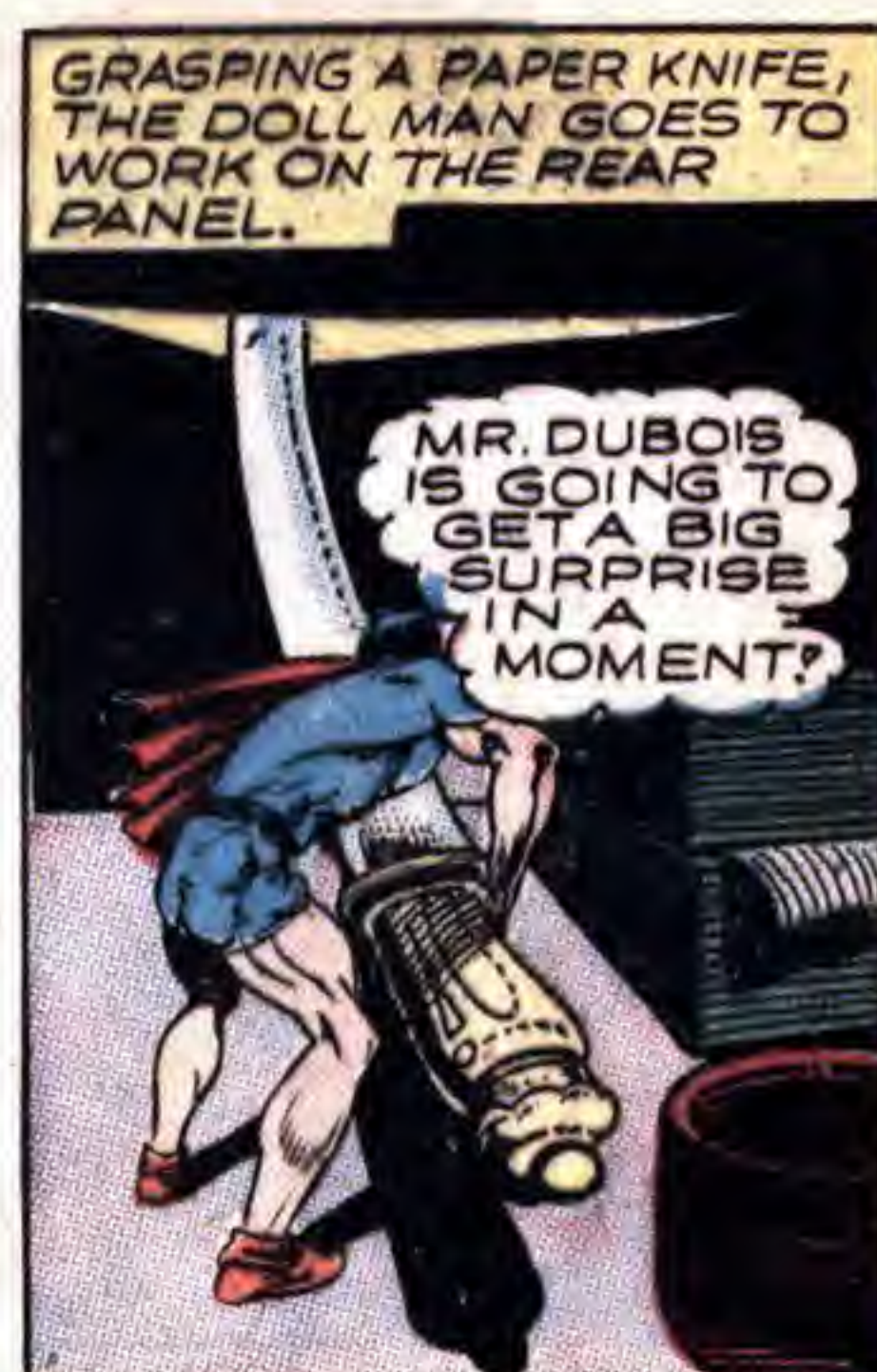


ALL RIGHT.. YOU TRAPPED ME? BUT TRY AND GET ME OUT, YOU DOUBLE-DEALING WARMONGER!



HM..WONDER IF I CAN OPEN THE DRAWER WITHOUT HIS SLIPPING OUT FREE?

WHY, YOU RAT-SIZED RUNT? I'LL CRUSH YOU IN MY BARE HANDS!



GRASPING A PAPER KNIFE, THE DOLL MAN GOES TO WORK ON THE REAR PANEL.

MR. DUBOIS IS GOING TO GET A BIG SURPRISE IN A MOMENT!



WOOD SPLINTERS AS HE FORCES HIS POWERFUL BODY THROUGH THE CRACK.

NOW I'LL STEP OUTSIDE THE DOOR!



IN THE HALL, HE CHANGES QUICKLY TO HIS NORMAL SELF.

OH, UH.. PARDON ME, MR. DUBOIS? BUT HAVE YOU SEEN DOC ROBERTS?



DUBOIS TAKES A SWING AT DARREL ONE MOMENT TOO LATE.

THAT'S NO WAY TO SHAKE HANDS, BUT IF IT'S YOUR WAY, I'LL TRY IT!



DARREL WHIRLS TO SEE GUARDS CLOSING AROUND HIM.

YOU FELLOWS LOOKING FOR THE SAME DOSE? STEP RIGHT THIS WAY?



LISSEN TO DA MUG CROW? OSCAR, C'MON.. WE'LL GIVE HIM DA WHOLE WORKS, BRASS KNUCKLES AN' ALL!



BLACKJACKS ARC DOWN ON DARREL'S HEAD BUT HIS FISTS FLY FURIOUSLY.





SNARLING CURSES, ONE OF THE GUARDS PULLS A GUN.

A LITTLE LEAD'LL SETTLE THAT GUY'S HASH FOR KEEPS?



WH- WHERE TH' DEUCE DID THAT BIG BUM GO?



SUDDENLY DUBOIS IS ON HIS FEET, SHOUTING...

SNAP OUT OF IT, YOU MEN! OVER TO POWDER HOUSE FIVE.. I'LL FOLLOW YOU!



BUT DR. ROBERTS IS ALREADY BEING SHOVED INSIDE THE DEATH CHAMBER.



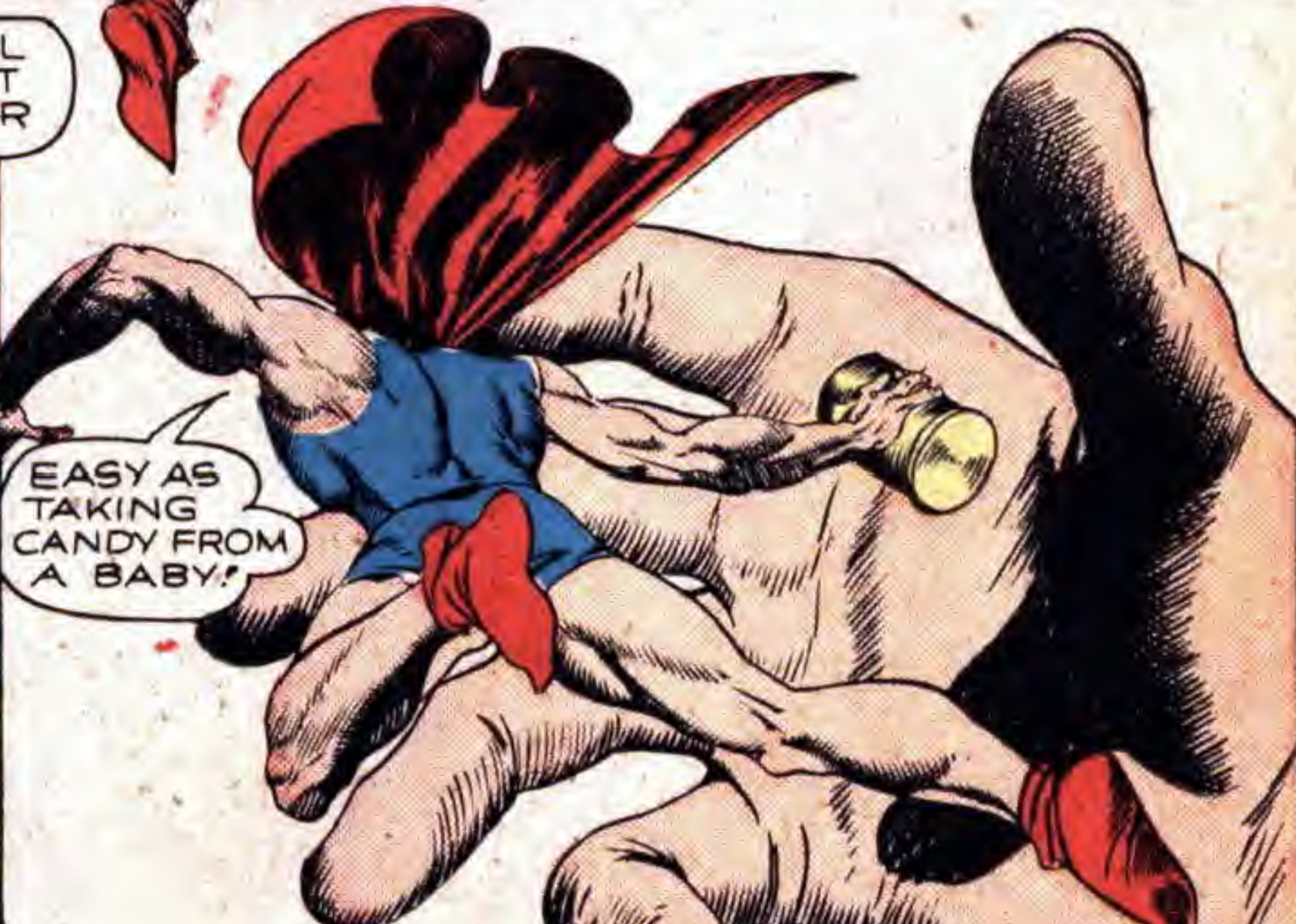
WHERE HE DISCOVERS THE MISSING FEDERAL INSPECTORS.

DR. ROBERTS! THEY GOT YOU TOO?

YES.. AND YOU KNOW OUR FATE?









DR. ROBERT AND THE INSPECTORS RUSH DIRECTLY INTO WATKINS'S LINE OF FIRE.



COME ON! WE'VE GOT TO MAKE A BREAK FOR IT!

STOP OR I'LL EMPTY MY GUN INTO YOU!

BUT A HIGH LEAP CARRIES THE DOLL MAN ONTO WATKINS GUN.



THERE'S NOTHING LIKE A BROKEN THUMB TO MAKE A MAN BEHAVE!



YOUR NAME IS NEXT ON MY LIST, UGLY!

SCREAMING WITH RAGE, THE GUARD CRAWLS TO HIS FEET.

TURN THE DOG LOOSE, WATKINS. HE WILL FINISH THAT PEST!



IN A FEW MOMENTS A VICIOUS MONGREL IS BOUNDING TOWARD THE DOLL MAN.



SIC 'EM, BRUTUS!

WITH SAVAGE SNARLS, THE DOG'S JAWS SNAP AT THE TINY FIGURE.



I'VE GOT TO MOVE FAST TO DUCK THOSE FANGS!

DODGING THE DOG'S VICIOUS LUNGES, HE GRABS A PAW IN HIS POWERFUL HANDS.

JIU JITSU SHOULD TURN THE TRICK!



A QUICK TWIST AND THE ANIMAL SAILS THROUGH THE AIR INTO WATKINS.







NOW THAT THE POOCH RESPECTS MY STRENGTH, I'LL SETTLE WITH THE REST OF YOU!



GRAB HIM, SOMEONE!



THE DOLL MAN STORMS THROUGH THE STARTLED MOB WITH POWERFUL LEFTS AND RIGHTS.



DUBOIS, WATKINS AND OSCAR FALL ONE BY ONE UNDER THE IMPACT OF THE DOLL MAN'S HEAVY BLOWS.



THEN THE TINY FISTFUL OF DYNAMITE VANISHES AND DARREL DANE APPEARS.

I'D BETTER HOT FOOT IT TO THE OFFICE!



THERE HE FINDS MARTHA WITH TWO G-MEN WHO HAVE FOUND THE INCRIMINATING PAPERS.

OH, DARREL! I THOUGHT SOMETHING DREADFUL HAPPENED TO YOU!

WELL, THERE WAS A LITTLE EXCITEMENT OVER AT POWDER HOUSE FIVE.



SUDDENLY A TERRIFIC EXPLOSION SHAKES THE BUILDING.

HEAVENS! THAT WAS STORAGE HOUSE FIVE.. WAS DAD THERE?

NO.. HE'S OUT BY THE GATE BUT DUBOIS WAS CAUGHT IN THAT BLAST.. OH WELL, IT'LL SAVE THE EXPENSE OF A TRIAL!



YOU'RE OUTTA LUCK, BUTCH

# BIG TOP

GOSH! WHAT A DAY! - I'VE HAD A LOT OF LUCK - --ALL BAD!

OH - Y'HAVE ANOTHER DATE, EH?

OOPS! I TRIPPED

IT MUST BE 'CAUSE THAT BLACK CAT CROSSED MY PATH THIS MORNIN'

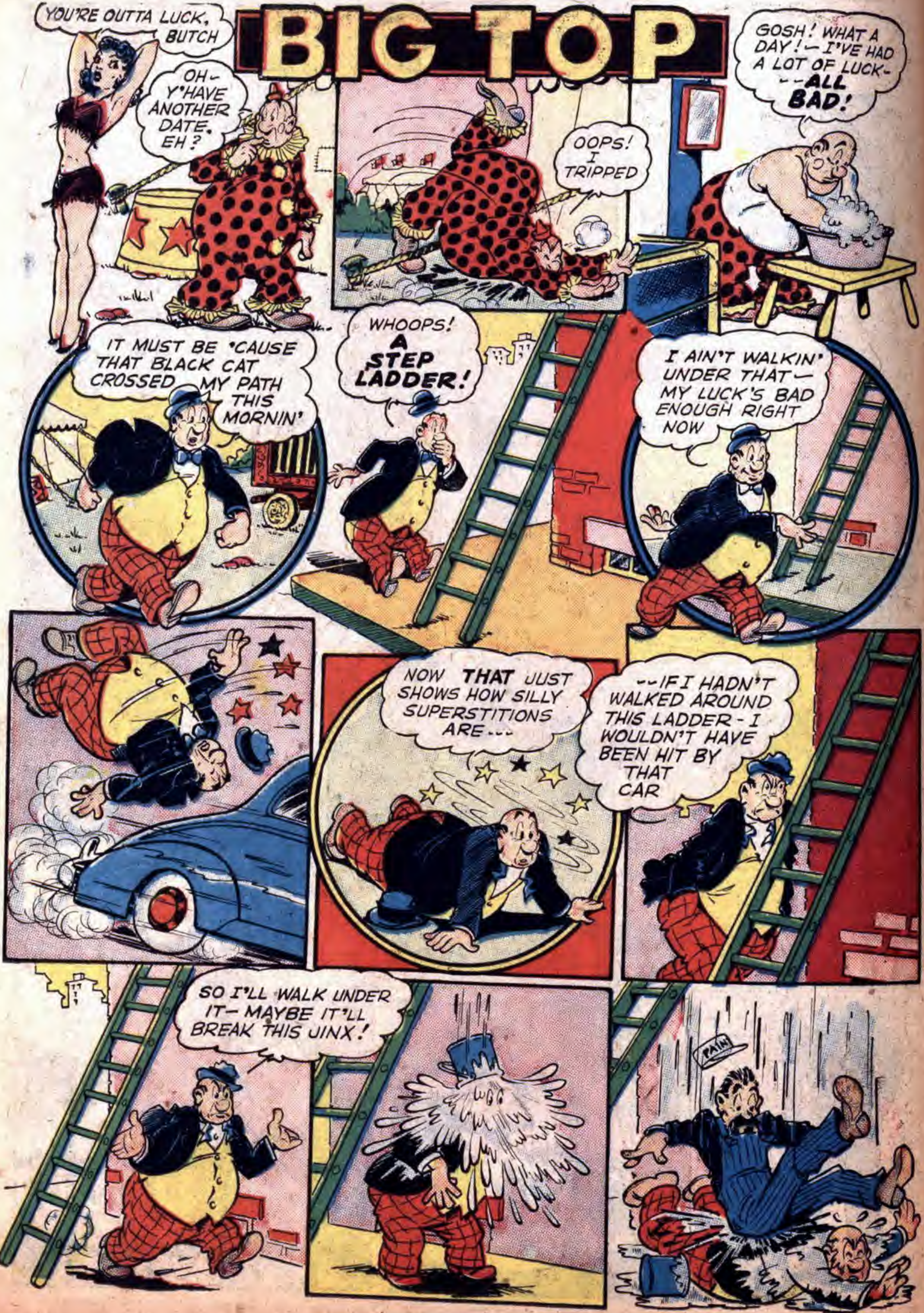
WHOOOPS! A STEP LADDER!

I AIN'T WALKIN' UNDER THAT - MY LUCK'S BAD ENOUGH RIGHT NOW

NOW THAT JUST SHOWS HOW SILLY SUPERSTITIONS ARE...

--IF I HADN'T WALKED AROUND THIS LADDER - I WOULDN'T HAVE BEEN HIT BY THAT CAR

SO I'LL WALK UNDER IT - MAYBE IT'LL BREAK THIS JINX!





# BIG TOP



WELL, WHAT'S GOT YOU DOWN, BUTCH?



AW—I HAVE A DATE WITH A WEALTHY WIDOW IN TOWN BUT I DON'T OWN A SUIT OF CLOTHES THAT'S FIT TO WEAR!



IS THAT ALL? SHUCKS!—YOU CAN BORROW A SUIT OF MINE FOR TONIGHT—COME OVER TO MY WAGON

GOSH. BOSS—YOU'RE A PAL!



THANKS, BOSS—I HOPE THE WIDOW FALLS FOR ME IN YOUR SUIT!



'EVENIN' M'DEAR—YOU LOOK CHARMING

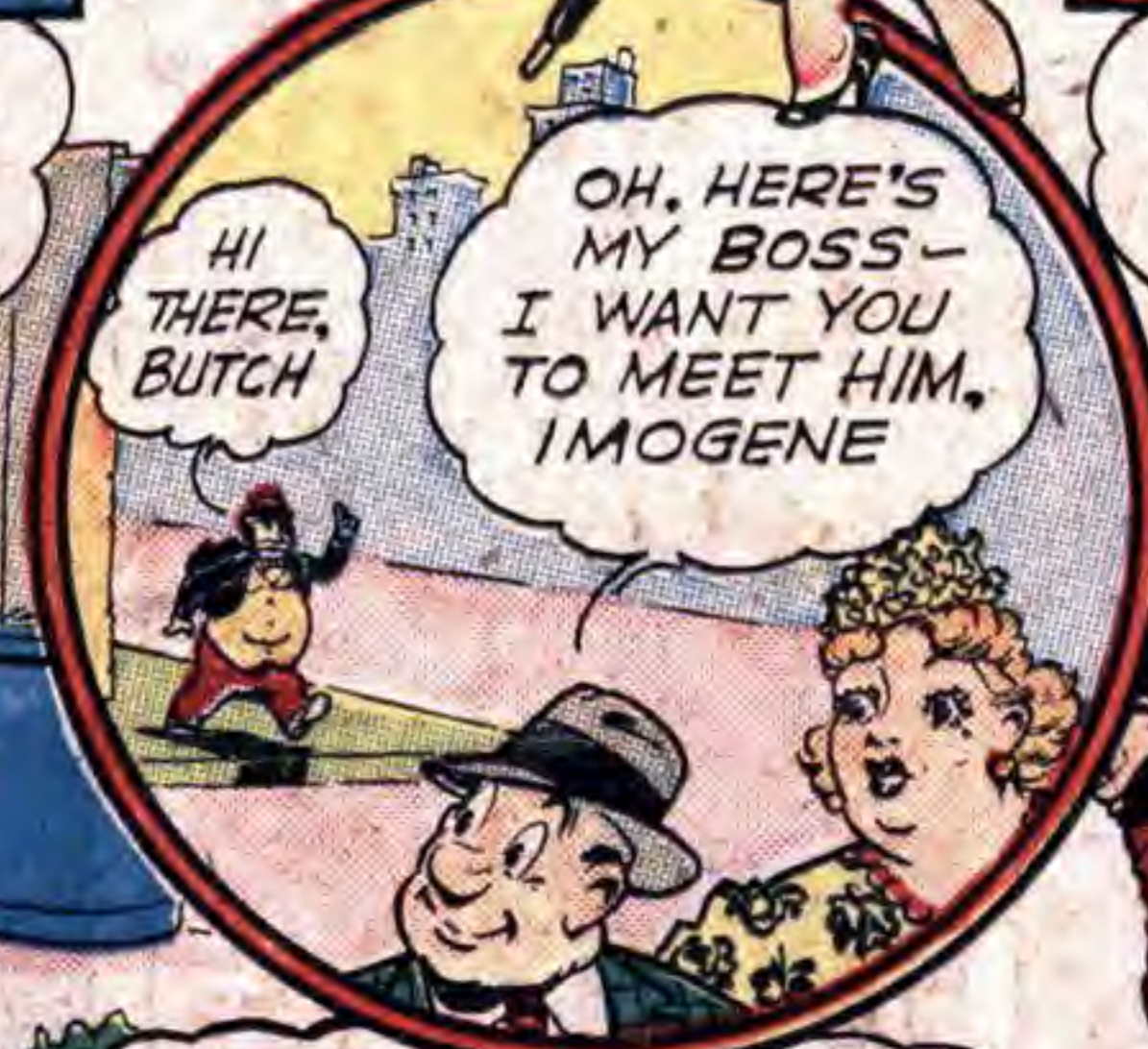
TEE HEE—OH—YOU MEN!



DAWGONE IT!—I LEFT MY EYEGLASSES IN THE SUIT I LOANED BUTCH—I'VE GOTTA GET 'EM!

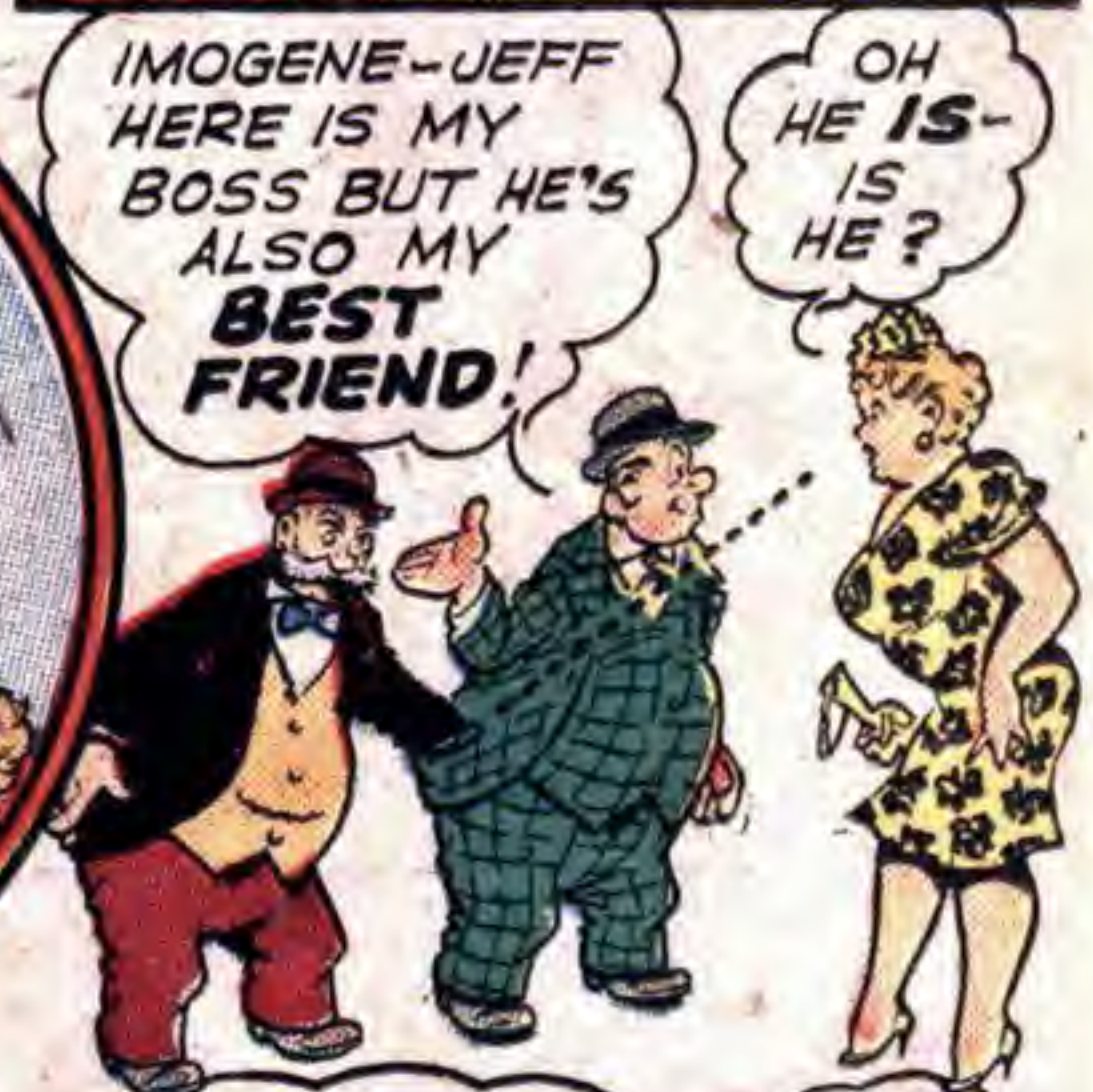


I'LL HAVE TO SNEAK THE GLASSES OUTTA BUTCH'S POCKET SO HIS GIRL FRIEND DON'T GET WISE THAT THE SUIT AIN'T HIS OWN!



HI THERE, BUTCH

OH, HERE'S MY BOSS—I WANT YOU TO MEET HIM, IMOGENE



IMOGENE—JEFF HERE IS MY BOSS BUT HE'S ALSO MY **BEST FRIEND!**

OH HE IS—IS HE?



WELL, YOUR BEST FRIEND IS **PICKING YOUR POCKET!**



YOU **WORM!** POSING AS BUTCH'S FRIEND WHILE YOU ROB HIM!



YOU'RE TOO GULLIBLE, BUTCH—YOU NEED SOMEONE TO **TAKE CARE OF YOU!**

I'LL SAY I DO—'CAUSE I THINK I JUST **LOST MY JOB!**



# SAMAR

BY  
John  
Charles

SAMAR, MIGHTY MAN OF THE JUNGLE, IS THE RELENTLESS FOE OF ALL WHO DARE TO USE VIOLENCE AND TREACHERY AGAINST HIS FRIENDS OF THE PRIMITIVE WILDWOOD. THE GUARDIAN OF JUNGLE JUSTICE FEARS NO MAN OR BEAST.

SAMAR SHARES HIS MID-DAY MEAL WITH A GIANT AFRICAN CRANE.



SUDDENLY A FRANTIC NATIVE RUSHES UPON THE SCENE.



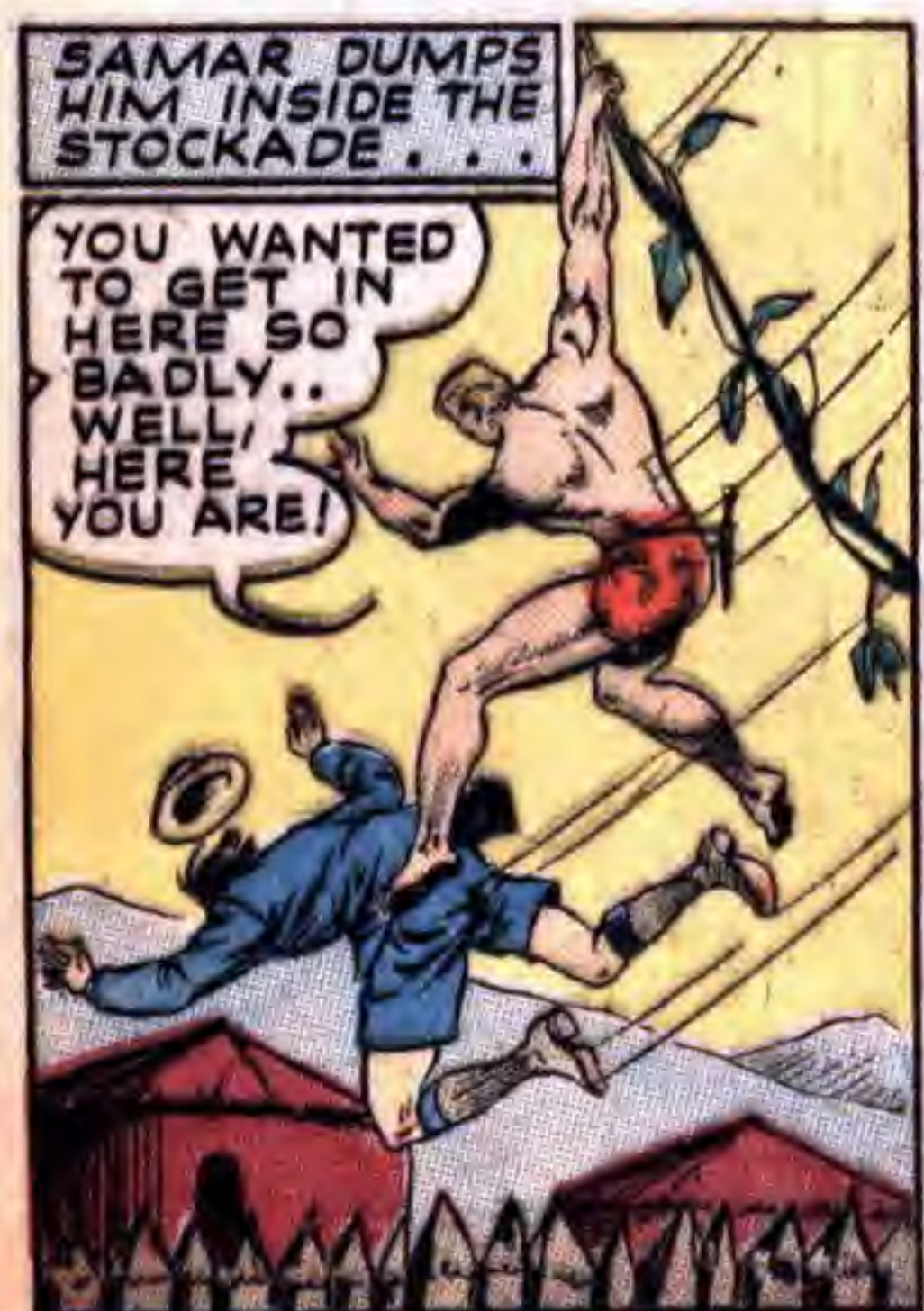
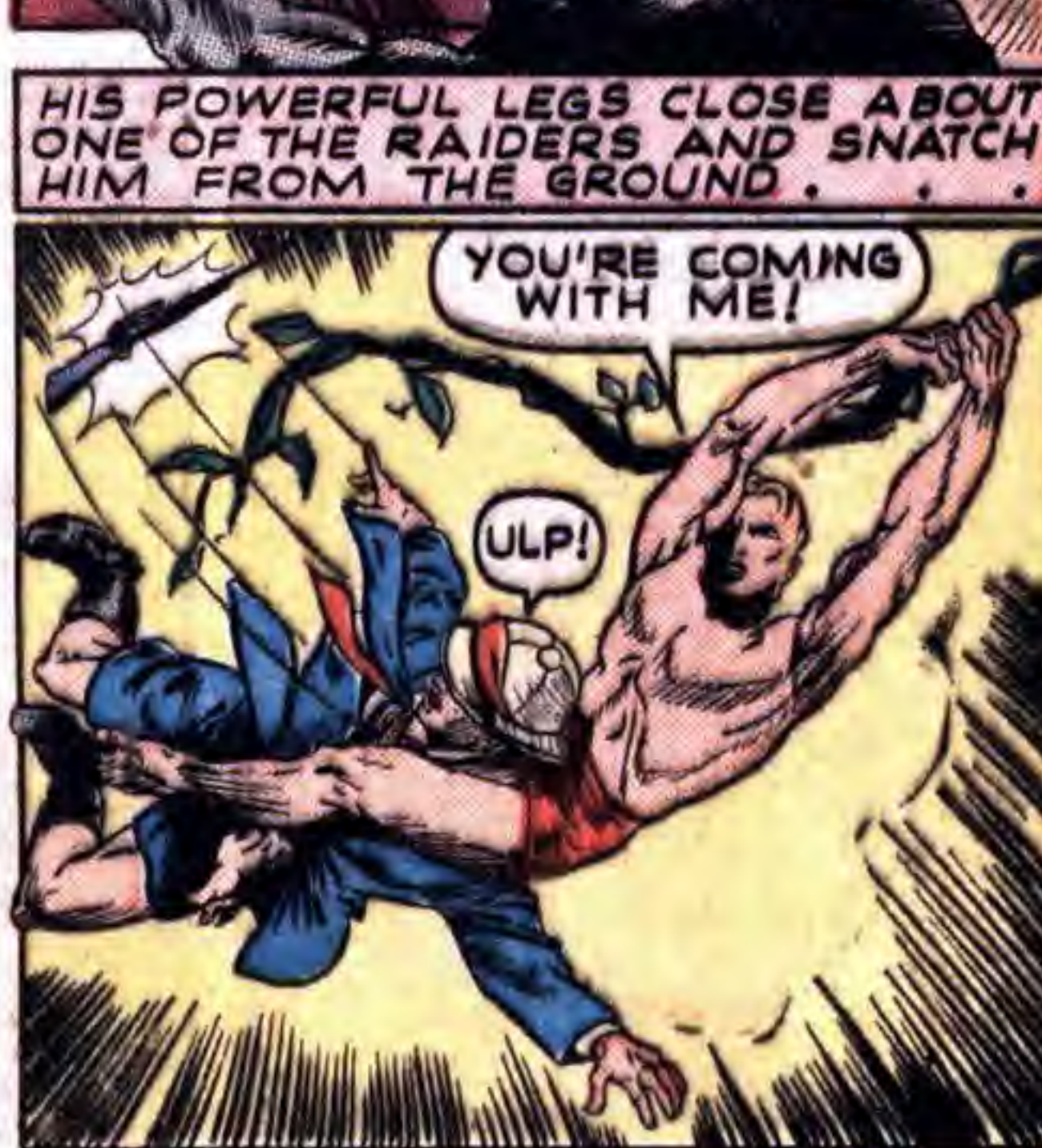
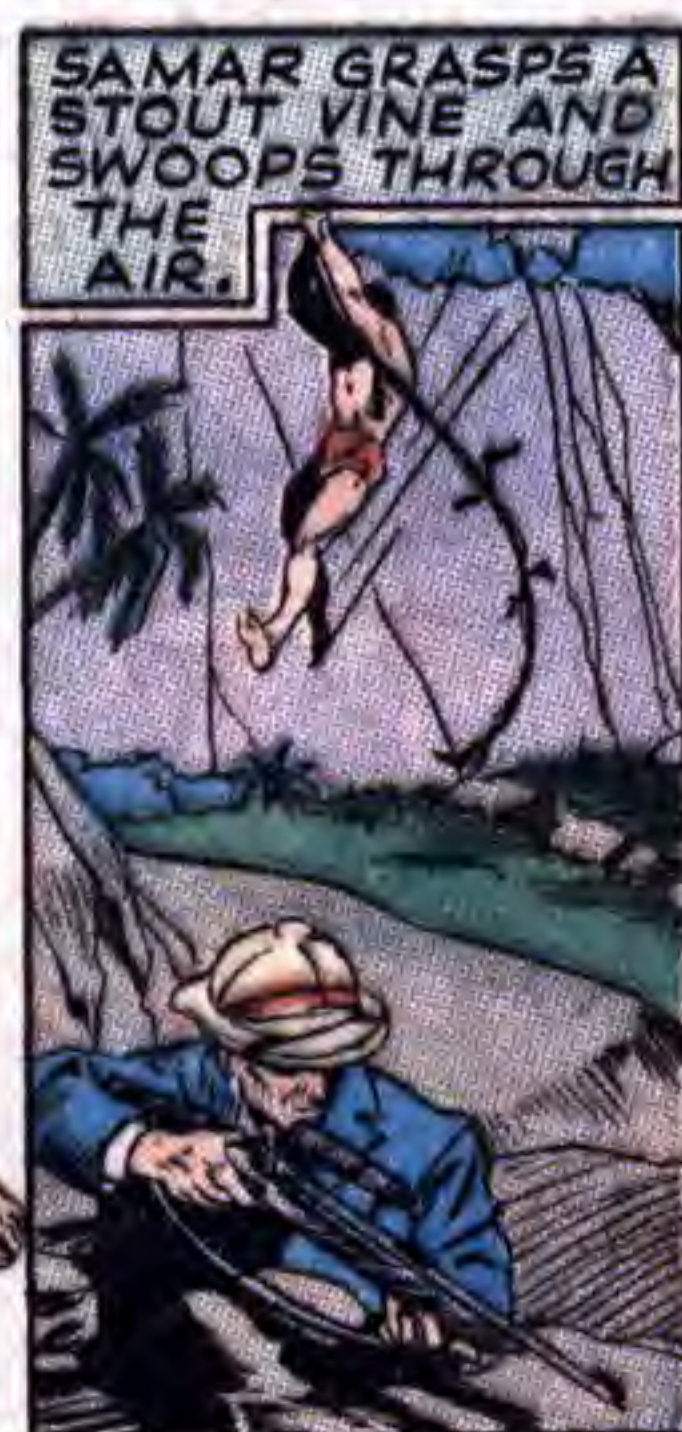
SAMAR!  
BWANA!  
HELP!

WHITE MEN  
COME. GO BOOM  
BOOM WITH DEVIL  
STICKS, TRY BREAK  
IN VILLAGE AND  
STEAL JEWELS  
FROM SACRED  
CAVE!

SHOW  
ME THE  
WAY! THIS  
CALLS FOR  
A LITTLE  
ACTION!









THE PUMA SPRINGS, AND  
RIPPING AND SLASHING,  
BRINGS THE GUNMAN  
TO A HORRIBLE END.



OUTSIDE, THE REST OF THE GANG HAS  
CHOPPED DOWN A TREE AND FASHIONED  
IT INTO A BATTERING RAM.



THE PLANKS BEND AND  
SPLINTER UNDER THE  
POWERFUL BLOWS...



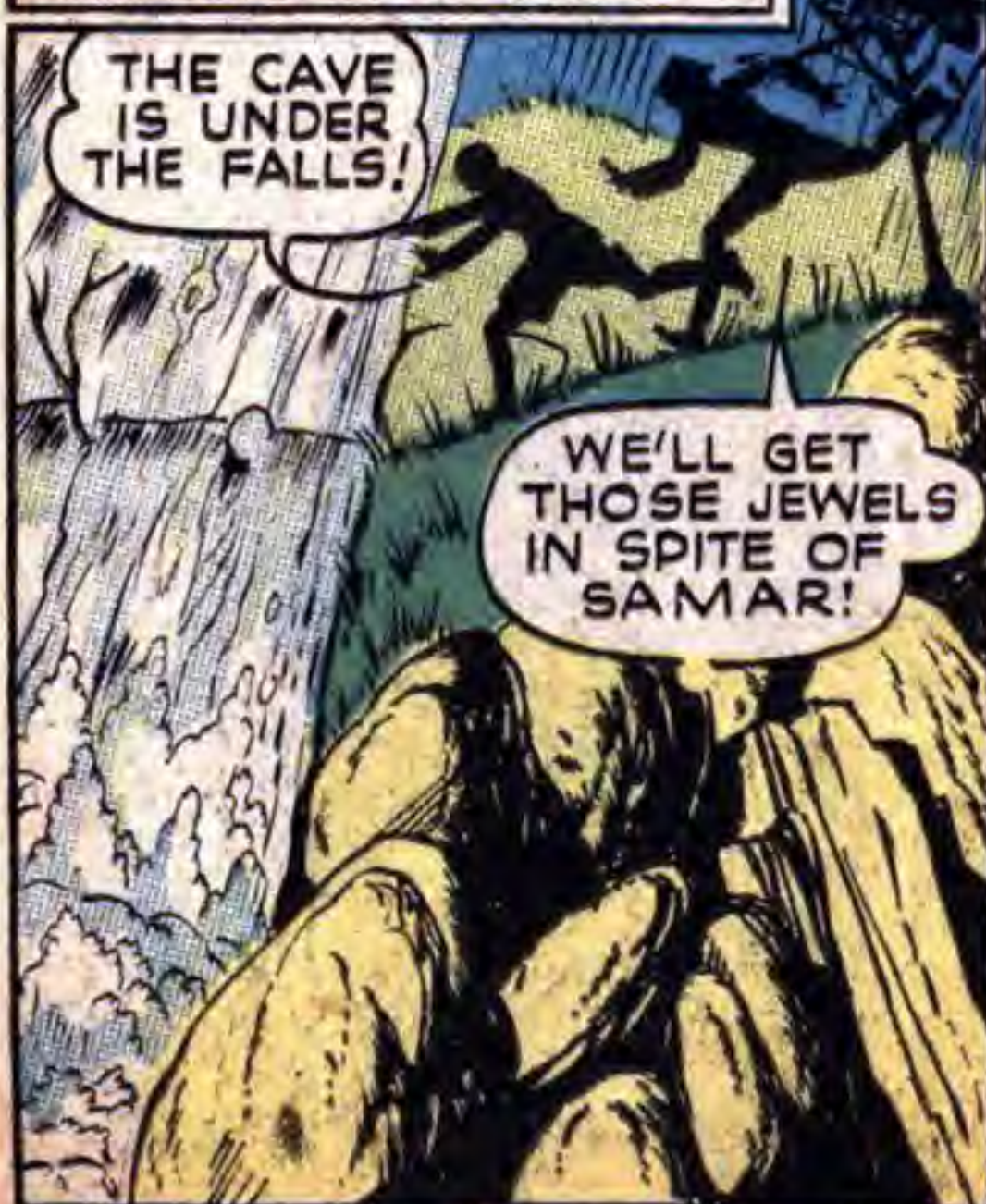
AS THE GATE GIVES WAY,  
SAMAR PICKS UP THE  
BLACK BEAST AND HURLS  
IT.



AND THE LEADER IS  
BOWLED OVER.



TWO OF THE THUGS RACE  
THROUGH THE VILLAGE TO-  
WARD A WATERFALL.



ONE OF THE GANG CLUBS  
SAMAR FROM BEHIND.



GROGGILY, SAMAR FACES  
THE GROWLING, ENRAGED  
PUMA.





BUT HIS STRENGTH IS TOO MUCH FOR THE SNARLING BRUTE.

YOUR MANGLING DAYS ARE OVER!



SAMAR THEN CLAMBERS UP A ROCKY LEDGE...

THIS IS A SHORT-CUT TO THE CAVE. THAT MUST BE WHERE THOSE OTHERS WENT..



HE ARRIVES JUST IN TIME TO SEE THE THUGS DISAPPEAR BEHIND THE WATERFALL..

THE OLD PRIEST WHO GUARDS THE JEWELS OUGHT TO BE A CINCH!



INSIDE THE CAVE...

IF YOU COME ONE STEP FURTHER, MY SACRED COBRAS WILL DESTROY YOU!

OH, YEAH? WE KNOW YOU CAN HYPNOTIZE THEM SNAKES! DO IT QUICK OR WE'LL BLAST YOU!



THE PRIEST OBEYS, PLAYING A WEIRD TUNE WHICH PARALYZES THE HOODED SERPENTS.



ONE OF THE CROOKS PRIES LOOSE PRECIOUS GEMS FROM THE GREAT STONE IDOL.

BOY! WE'LL BE RICH FOR LIFE!

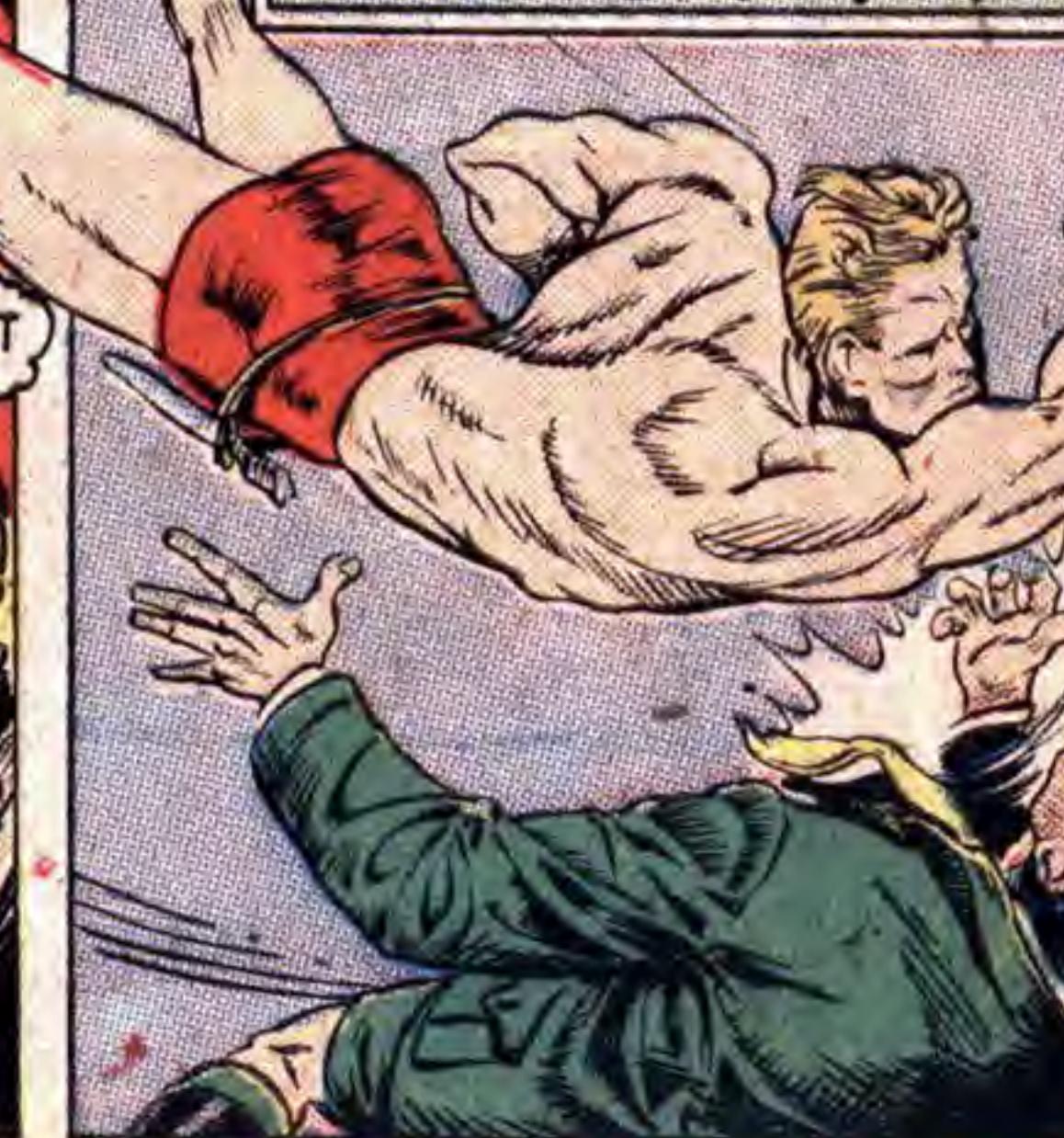


HE RACES OUTSIDE TO FIND A ROPE LADDER AND THE PRIEST'S DUGOUT...



WHAT A BREAK! A GETAWAY JUST MADE TO ORDER!

BUT SAMAR HURTTLES THROUGH SPACE AND SWINGS A DYNAMITE-LADEN FIST...



THE THUG, HIS NECK SNAPPED BY THE MIGHTY BLOW, PERISHES IN THE WATER BELOW...







THE PRIEST RELEASES HIS COBRAS FROM THE HYPNOTIC SPELL . . .

N'GAI OBLAMBA TRAMBUIE! LET THE EVIL WHITE ONE FEEL THE DEADLY STAB OF THY FANGS!



THE COBRA STRIKES, AND FATAL VENOM FLOODS THE VEINS OF THE MARAUDER.



THE THIRD THUG STARTS DOWN THE LADDER WITH A GOLDEN IDOL . . .

THAT MUSCLE-MAN CAN'T CATCH ME NOW! AND THIS IDOL OUGHT TO BE WORTH TEN GRAND TO A COLLECTOR!



I'LL HELP YOU DOWN . . . BUT QUICK!



SAMAR SLASHES THROUGH THE ROPE AND THE GUN-MAN PLUNGES TO DEATH CARRYING WITH HIM THE SACRED IDOL.



YOU BATTLED BRAVELY, OH GREAT ONE! BUT THE SACRED GOLDEN IDOL OF M'BOBO IS LOST! IT WAS ENTRUSTED TO OUR PEOPLE BY THE FIERCE ZAMBUTIS. THERE WILL BE A GREAT AND BLOODY WAR!

I SHALL RECOVER IT. THERE WILL BE NO WAR!

IN A GRACEFUL HIGH DIVE WHICH WOULD BREAK MOST MEN'S NECKS, SAMAR SWOOPS DOWN TO THE CRYSTAL POOL.



AND ON THE BOTTOM LOCATES THE PRICELESS STATUETTE . . .



HE RETURNS IT TO THE GRATEFUL PRIEST . . .

OH MIGHTY ONE, WE MAKE YOU HONORARY CHIEF . . . WE GIVE YOU A THOUSAND THANKS.

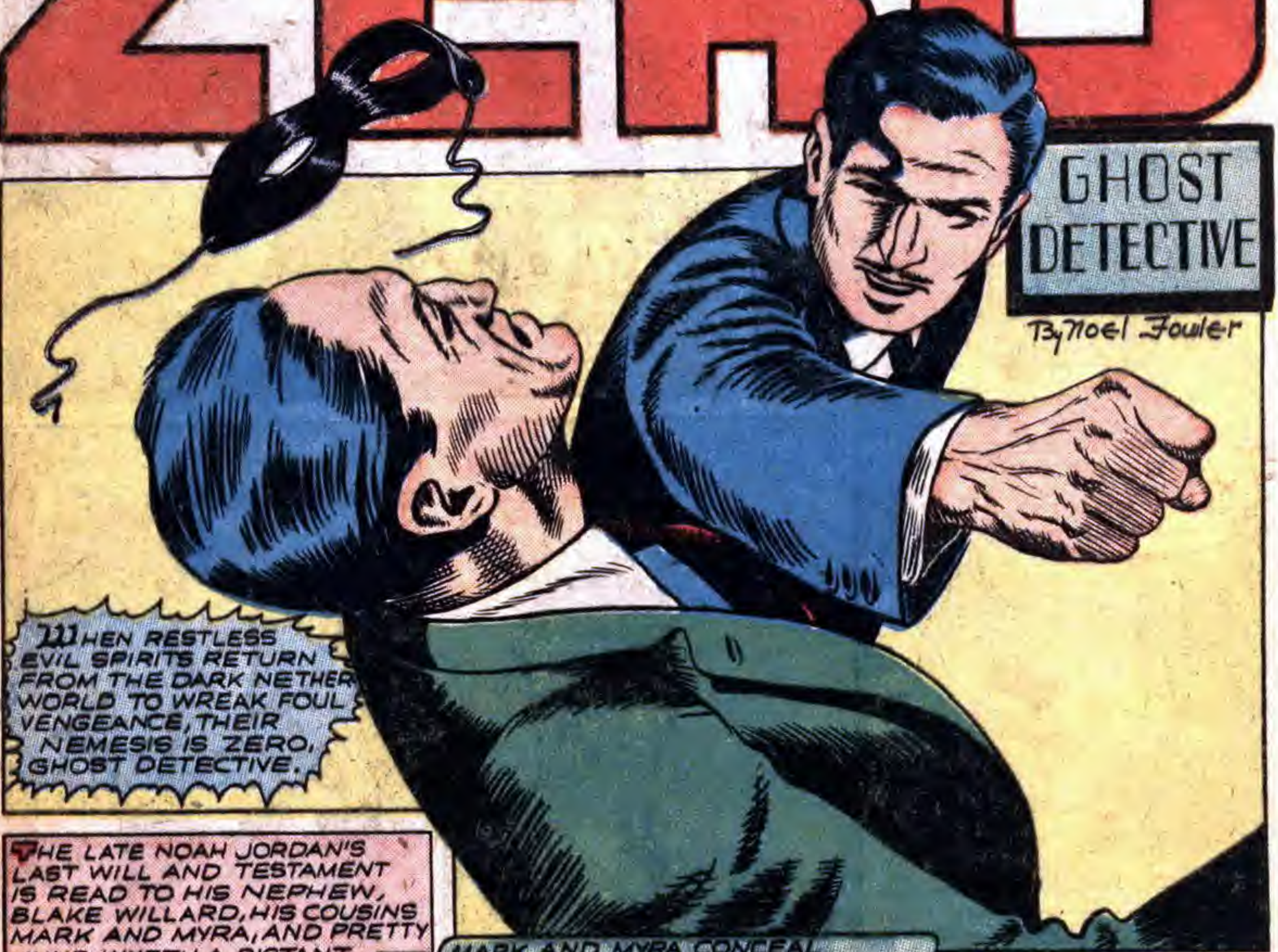
Follow Samar in the January issue of FEATURE COMICS—on sale November 26th.



# ZERO

GHOST  
DETECTIVE

By Noel Fowler



WHEN RESTLESS  
EVIL SPIRITS RETURN  
FROM THE DARK NETHER  
WORLD TO WREAK FOUL  
VENGEANCE, THEIR  
NEMESIS IS ZERO,  
GHOST DETECTIVE.

THE LATE NOAH JORDAN'S  
LAST WILL AND TESTAMENT  
IS READ TO HIS NEPHEW,  
BLAKE WILLARD, HIS COUSINS  
MARK AND MYRA, AND PRETTY  
JUNE WYETH, A DISTANT  
RELATIVE.

MARK AND MYRA CONCEAL  
THEIR RAGE AND DISAPPOINTMENT.

"...AND I HEREBY  
BEQUEATH THE ENTIRE  
ESTATE TO MY NEPHEW  
BLAKE WILLARD".

CONGRATULATIONS ON YOUR  
FORTUNE, BLAKE...ER...WHY  
DON'T YOU AND MISS WYETH  
STEP OUT IN THE GARDEN  
AND PICK A BOUQUET FOR  
THE DINNER TABLE?

FINE  
IDEA!

AND A  
GOOD CHANCE  
TO GET  
ACQUAINTED!

HEH! HEH! THEY  
DON'T KNOW THAT  
NOAH SWORE TO COME  
BACK FROM HIS GRAVE  
IF ANYONE TOUCHED  
THOSE PRECIOUS  
POSIES OF HIS...IF  
BLAKE DIES THE  
MONEY WILL BE  
MYRA'S AND MINE!





OUTSIDE IN THE GARDEN, BLAKE PETS THE DEAD MAN'S HUGE POLICE DOG.



COUSIN MYRA SAYS HE WOULD OBEY UNCLE NOAH'S EVERY COMMAND.

THEY HEAD BACK TO THE HOUSE.



WE'D BETTER GO INSIDE.. IT'S GETTING CHILLY!

YES. QUITE A COLD BREEZE?

A GHASTLY WRAITH APPEARS FROM THE GRAVE OF NOAH JORDAN.



THEY DARE TO TOUCH MY FLOWERS. THEY SHALL DIE?

AT THIS MOMENT, ZERO DRIVES PAST THE EERIE SPOT.



THAT'S A SPOOKY LOOKING OLD HOUSE. FAMILY GRAVEYARD AND ALL?

SUDDENLY HE SEES THE SPECTRAL FIGURE OF NOAH JORDAN.

SAY! WHAT GOES ON OVER THERE? THIS LOOKS LIKE A JOB FOR THE GHOST DETECTIVE!



HE LEAPS FROM THE ROADSTER AND RACES TOWARD THE GRAVEYARD.

I DIDN'T HAPPEN BY HERE ANY TOO SOON?



THEY DISTURBED THE FLOWER BED WHICH WAS SACRED TO MY MEMORY? KILL? KILL?



THE BLACK BEAST, ITS JAWS SLAVING, LEAPS AT BLAKE AND JANE JUST AS ZERO ARRIVES.



I'LL HANDLE HIM!

KILL THE STRANGER TOO?



AS THE DOG LUNGES, FANGS BARED, ZERO SNATCHES UP A STOUT CLUB.



I LIKE DOGS BUT...

A WELL-AIMED BLOW SENDS THE BEAST FLYING...



SORRY, OLD MAN! BUT THE ONLY CHEWING YOU'RE SUPPOSED TO DO IS ON A SOUP BONE!

NOAH'S GHOST ROCKS ZERO WITH A STINGING JAB.



WOE UNTO THE FOOLISH MORTAL WHO DARES OPPOSE ME!

THE GHOST DETECTIVE IS STAGGERED BUT...



YOU CAN GIVE IT. NOW LET'S SEE YOU TAKE IT!

ZERO SWINGS BUT HIS FIST WHIZZES THROUGH EMPTY AIR AS THE SPECTRE DEMATERIALIZES.



WHAT TH'??

HEE! HEE!

SO MARK AND MYRA TOLD YOU TO PICK THE FLOWERS...VERY INTERESTING.



WE CAN'T FIGURE OUT WHAT IT'S ALL ABOUT.

BUT THE VILLAINOUS PAIR HAS NOT GIVEN UP HOPE.



NOAH'S GHOST STILL WANTS VENGEANCE.. WE MUST KEEP THEM IN THE GRAVEYARD?

RIGHT? WE'LL GET THAT FORTUNE YET..AND THEY CAN'T HANG US FOR A MURDER COMMITTED BY A DEAD MAN?

MARK AND MYRA DEVISE A CLEVER SCHEME.



ONE PROVISION OF YOUR UNCLE'S WILL IS THAT YOU MUST PAY YOUR LAST RESPECTS AT HIS GRAVE WHEN THE MOON IS FULL..

IT'S FULL NOW



JUNE AND BLAKE STROLL TOWARD THE GRAVE.



THERE'S NOTHING TO WORRY ABOUT... ZERO'S KEEPING WATCH!

SHE NOTICES A CRUMBLING, YAWNING OLD WELL.



HOW QUANT! BUT IT'S DANGEROUS, BLAKE. SOMEONE MIGHT FALL IN!

I FEEL THAT STRANGE BREEZE AGAIN!

THE SPIRIT OF NOAH AGAIN RISES FROM THE GRAVE AND INHABITS A GNARLED CYPRESS... TWISTED BRANCHES COME TO LIFE AND REACH OUT TOWARD BLAKE AND JUNE...



SO DO I, JUNE!

SUDDENLY THE WRITHING TENTACLES CLOSE ABOUT THEIR THROATS IN A STRANGLEHOLD, THRUSTING THEM TOWARD THE WELL.



ZERO RUSHES TO THEIR AID BUT THE GHOST TREE HAS MORE THAN ONE CLAW TO KILL WITH.

MAF.K AND MYRA CHUCKLE EVILLY AT THE GROTESQUE SPECTACLE.



HA! HA! THAT'LL TAKE CARE OF ALL THREE!

GOOD OLD UNCLE NOAH! NOW WE'LL INHERIT THE ENTIRE ESTATE!

HE DODGES THE BRANCH BUT IS SNATCHED BY A CLUTCHING ROOT.. ZERO FALLS NEAR AN AXE.



IT HAD BETTER BE SHARP OR WE'LL ALL BE THRUST DOWN THE WELL!

THE GHOST DETECTIVE SINKS THE BLADE DEEP INTO THE WRITHING ROOT.



YOU'RE NO MATCH FOR KEEN STEEL!

FREED FROM THE MURDEROUS GRIP ZERO TURNS TO JUNE AND BLAKE WHO STRUGGLE HELPLESSLY.





SWINGING THE AXE WITH DEADLY SKILL HE HACKS THE BRANCHES TO BITS.



AS THE CYPRESS'S EVIL IS ENDED, JUNE AND BLAKE ARE FREED.



ZERO ADDRESSES THE SPIRIT IN THE TREE.

YOU HAVE BEEN TRICKED, NOAH JORDAN! IT WAS MARK AND MYRA WHO TOLD BLAKE AND JUNE TO PICK THE FLOWERS!



ANOTHER MINUTE AND THEY'D HAVE BEEN GONERS!

TOO BAD YOU CAN'T BE TRIED FOR ATTEMPTED MURDER!

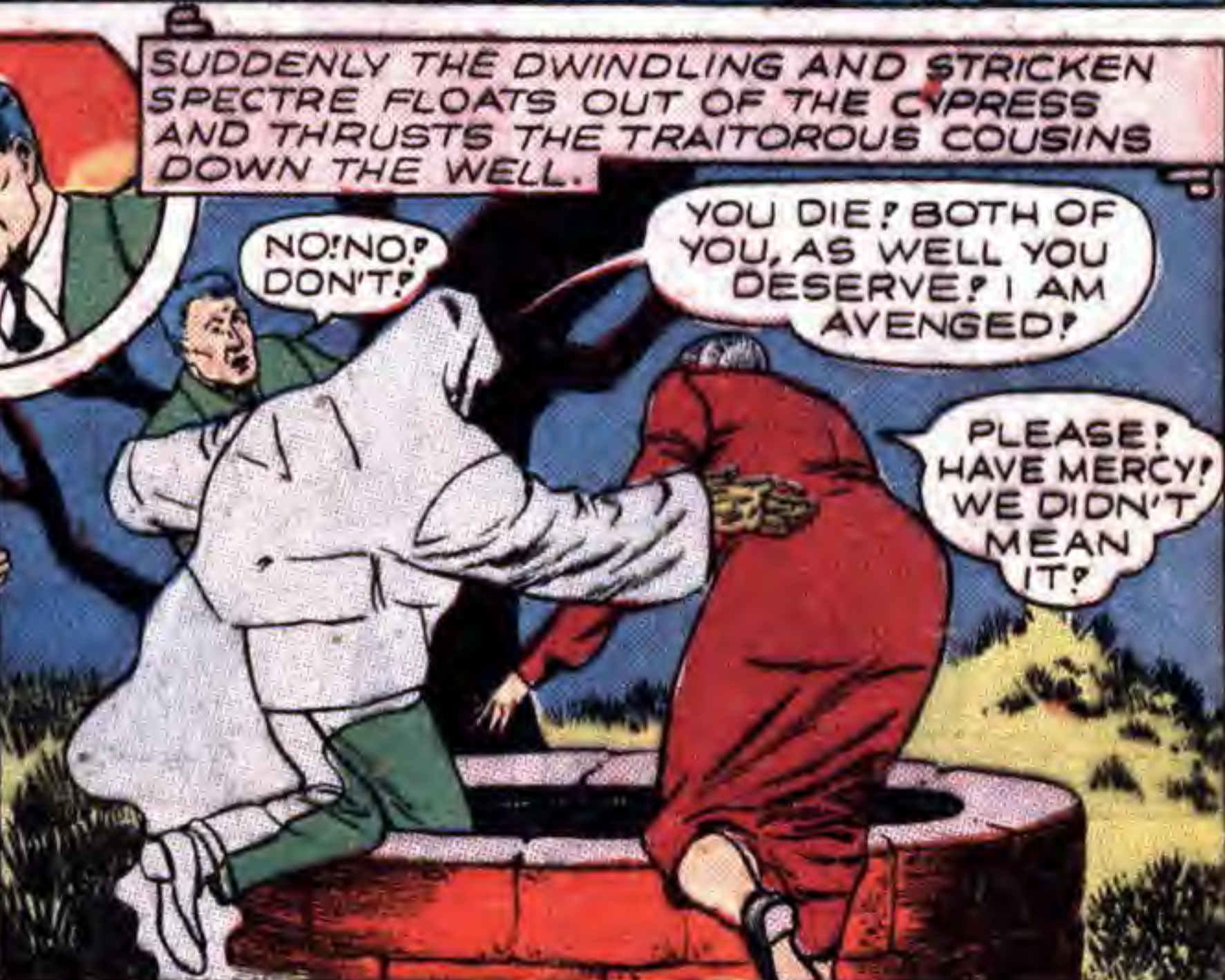


SUDDENLY THE DWINDLING AND STRICKEN SPECTRE FLOATS OUT OF THE CYPRESS AND THRUSTS THE TRAITOROUS COUSINS DOWN THE WELL.

NO! NO! DON'T!

YOU DIE! BOTH OF YOU, AS WELL YOU DESERVE! I AM AVENGED!

PLEASE! HAVE MERCY! WE DIDN'T MEAN IT!



BLAKE COMFORTS JUNE WHO IS HORRIFIED AT THIS SCENE.

THEY RECEIVED THE FATE THEY INTENDED FOR US!

OH! HOW TERRIBLE, BLAKE!



NOAH JORDAN'S GHOST VANISHES.

YOU WON'T HAVE TO FEAR HIM ANY MORE, HE'S GONE FOREVER!



THAT'S TWICE YOU'VE SAVED OUR LIVES TODAY!

THANKS, BUT GHOST CHASING IS MY HOBBY AND NOT A BUSINESS

I'LL WRITE YOU A CHECK FOR ANY AMOUNT YOU SAY, ZERO!





# NIPPIE

HE'S  
OFTEN  
WRONG

YOU SHOULDN'T  
PLAY WITH  
YOUR GOOD  
CLOTHES  
ON, NIPPIE!

AW, THEY'RE  
ONLY LITTLE  
KIDS!



## MICKEY FINN

By LANK LEONARD

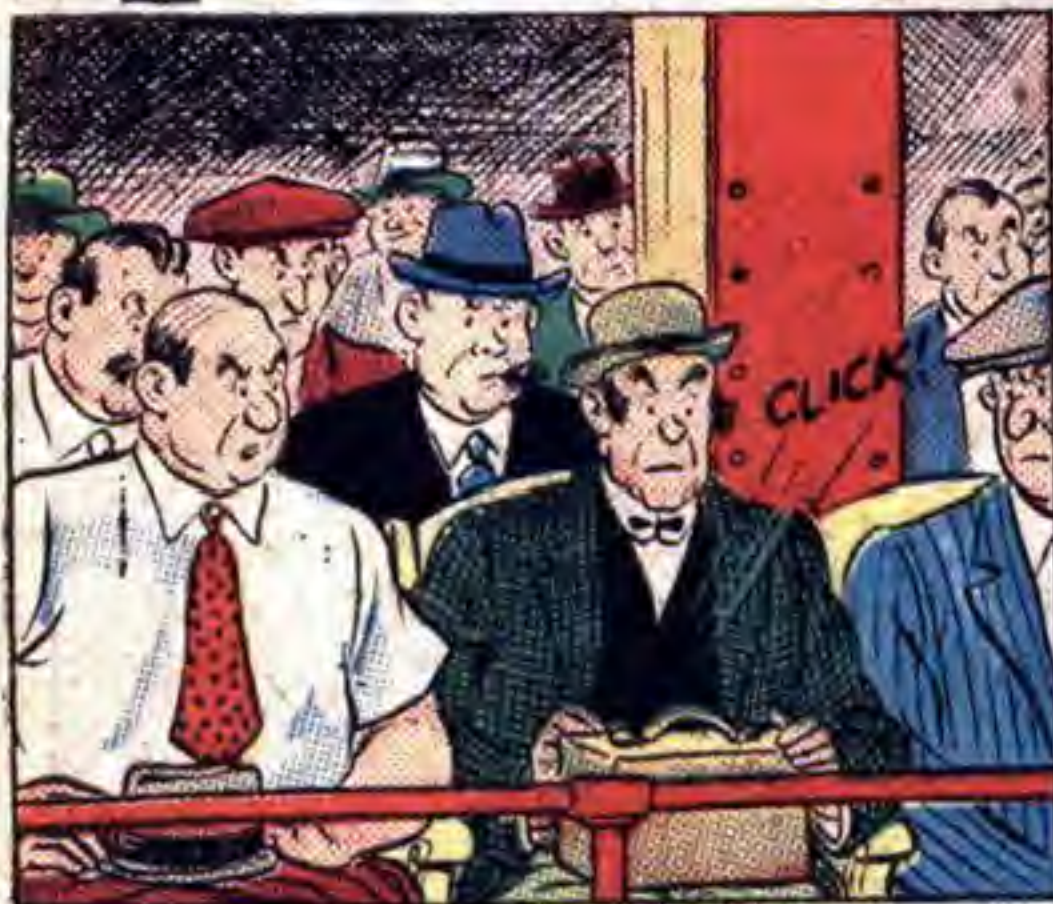
BUT UNCLE  
PHIL, IF YOU'RE  
GOIN' TO THE  
BALL GAME,  
WHY ARE YOU  
TAKIN' THAT  
RADIO?

BECAUSE I WANT  
TO TRY OUT A  
GREAT IDEA OF  
MINE, I'M GONNA  
HEAR THE GAME  
AS WELL AS  
SEE IT!

I THINK YOU'RE  
GOOFY, PHIL. YOU  
MIGHT AS WELL  
STAY HOME AND  
SAVE YOUR  
MONEY!

BUT I'LL HEAR  
THINGS THAT  
I CAN'T WATCH  
AND WATCH  
THINGS THAT I  
DON'T HEAR. IT'LL  
BE AN INTERESTING  
EXPERIMENT!

CLANC



IT'S A BRIGHT SUNNY  
DAY FOR THIS FINAL  
GAME OF THE SEASON,  
FOLKS.. AND IF YOU  
WANT TO FEEL THE  
SAME WAY, DRINK  
"BURPO" EVERY MORNING!



THERE'S BIFF SLATER,  
THE FAMOUS HOME-RUN  
SLUGGER COMING UP TO THE  
PLATE FOR BATTING PRACTISE  
..BIFF HITS THE BALL HARD  
BECAUSE HE DRINKS BURPO  
WITH EVERY MEAL!



LEFTY LYNCH IS WARMING  
UP NOW FOR THE HOME  
TEAM, FOLKS.. AND I MIGHT  
ADD THAT HE TOOK AN  
EXTRA GLASS OF BURPO  
THIS MORNING WHEN TOLD  
HE WAS GOING TO PITCH!



HERE COMES THE  
UMPIRES OUT ON  
THE FIELD.. WHICH  
REMINDS ME THAT  
IF YOUR FRIENDS  
CALL YOU A PICKLE  
PUSS, DRINK BURPO.  
IT'LL CHEER  
YOU UP!

SAY! SHUT  
THAT OFF!  
IT'S DIS-  
TRACTING

I WILL  
NOT!



ANY PLAYER  
HITTING A  
HOMER  
TODAY WILL  
BE GIVEN A  
FREE CASE  
OF BURPO!

IF YOU  
DON'T SHUT  
THAT OFF,  
I'LL SHUT IT  
OFF FOR  
YA!

JUST  
TRY  
IT!!



WHO  
STARTED  
IT?

HIM!



IT'S ANOTHER  
HOMER AND  
THE SCORE IS  
TIED UP AGAIN!  
WOW! WHAT  
A GAME TO  
SEE!

I TELL YA  
I DON'T WANTA  
LISTEN TO IT!

WELL I  
DO!



# NIPPIE

HE'S  
OFTEN  
WRONG

IT'S THE LAST  
HALF OF THE  
NINTH... IT'S TWO  
OUT AND THE  
BASES ARE  
LOADED... HERE  
COMES HOMERUN  
HANSEN UP  
TO BAT!

I'LL BET  
YOU A  
SODA HE  
STRIKES  
OUT,  
NIPPIE!

OKAY!

YOU SHOULDN'T  
HAVE AGREED TO  
THAT, NIPPIE... ITS  
GAMBLING AND  
THAT AIN'T  
RIGHT!

BUT HOMERUN  
HANSEN  
NEVER  
STRIKES  
OUT!

2002

ERABIO YONAD

## MICKEY FINN

By LANK LEONARD

IT'S A LONG  
TIME SINCE I  
SAW YOUR  
UNCLE PHIL  
WITH A BLACK  
EYE, MICKEY!

OH, HE HAS A NEW  
POLICY OF NOT  
GETTING INTO AN  
ARGUMENT UNLESS  
IT'S ABOUT SOME-  
THING IMPORTANT!

WHO DO YOU  
THINK IS  
GONNA BE  
ELECTED,  
PHIL?

TO TELL YOU THE  
TRUTH, MICKEY I  
HAVEN'T GIVEN  
IT ANY THOUGHT  
AT ALL!

YOU'RE CRAZY!  
DEMPSEY COULD  
HAVE LICKED  
JOE LOUIS  
WITH ONE HAND  
BEHIND HIS  
BACK!

WHAT  
ABOUT  
IT, PHIL!

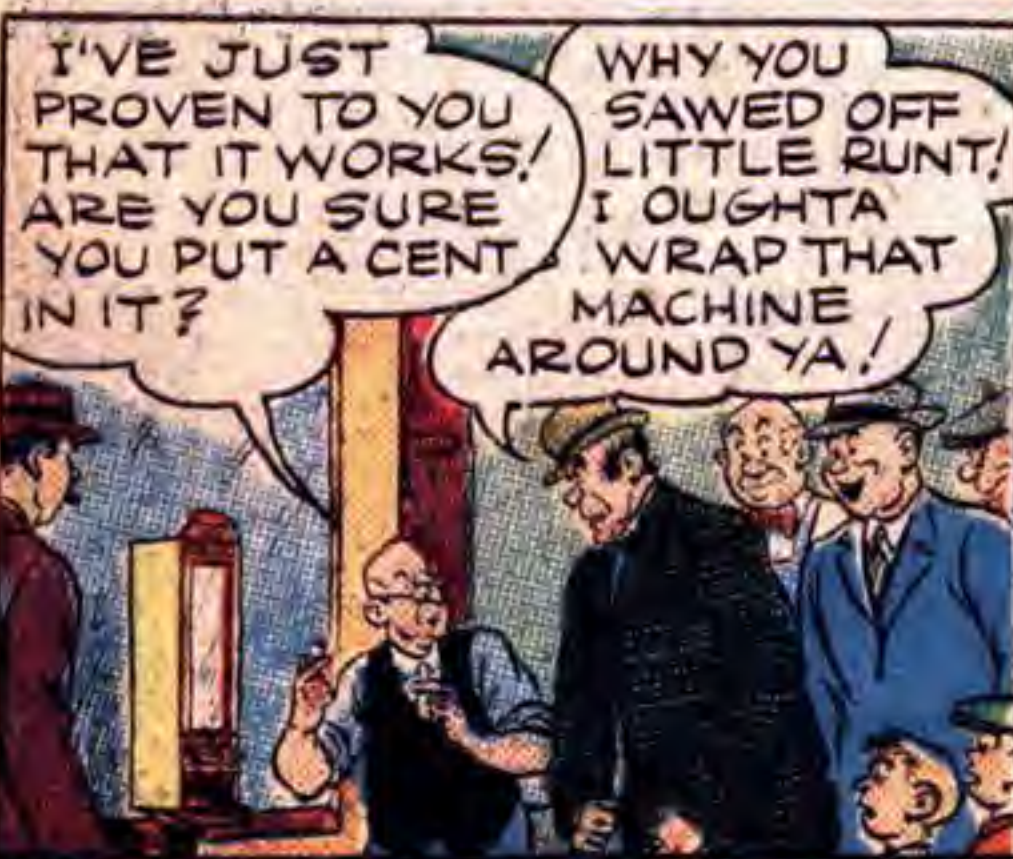
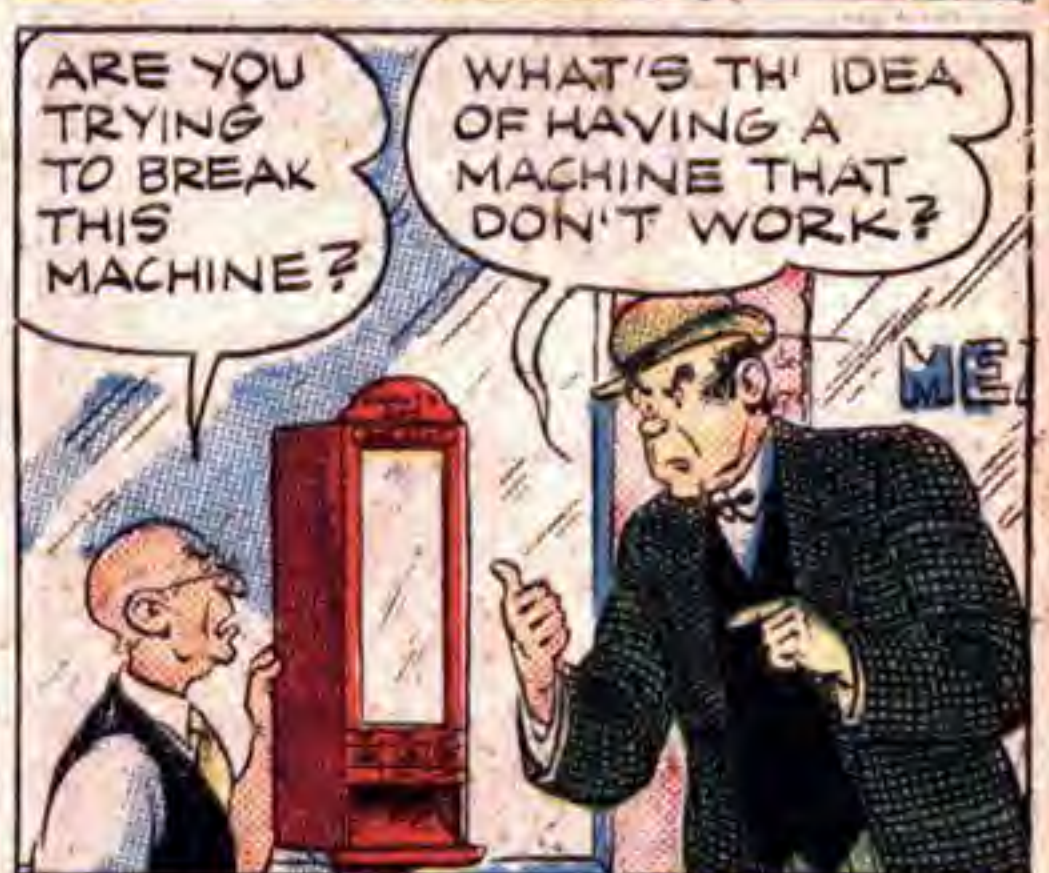
NOT  
A  
WORD,  
I'M  
NEUTRAL!

WHAT D'YA  
THINK ABOUT  
CHANGING THE  
BY-LAWS OF  
OUR LODGE,  
PHIL?

I'M NOT SAYIN'  
ANYTHING UNTIL  
I HEAR BOTH  
SIDES OF THE  
QUESTION!

PHIL CERTAINLY  
IS A CHANGED  
MAN, HOULIHAN!

G'WAN! HE'LL  
FORGET HIM-  
SELF AND  
LOSE HIS  
TEMPER BEFORE  
T'NIGHT!

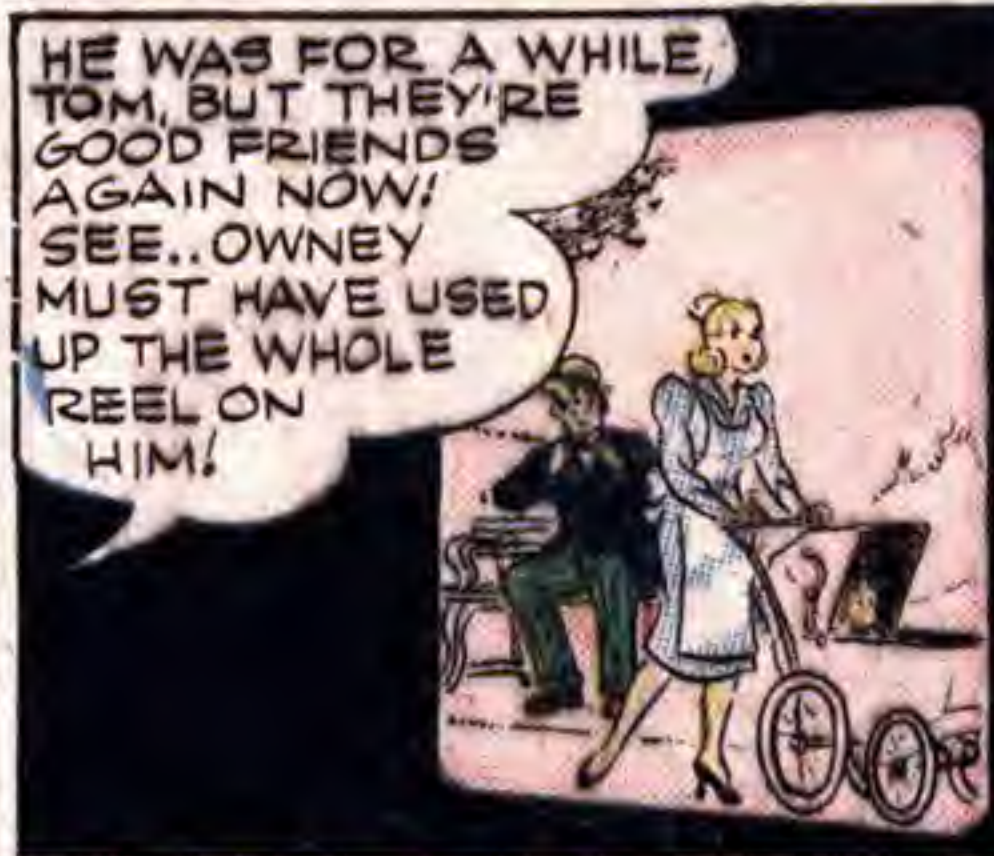
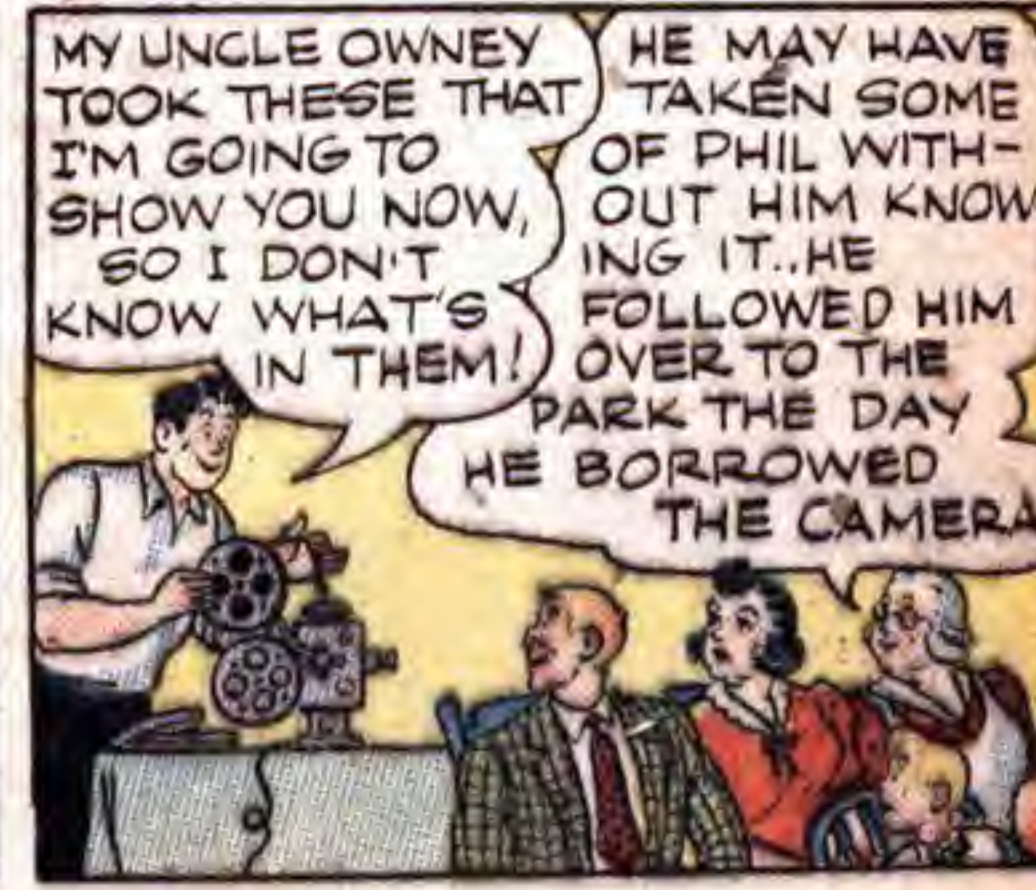
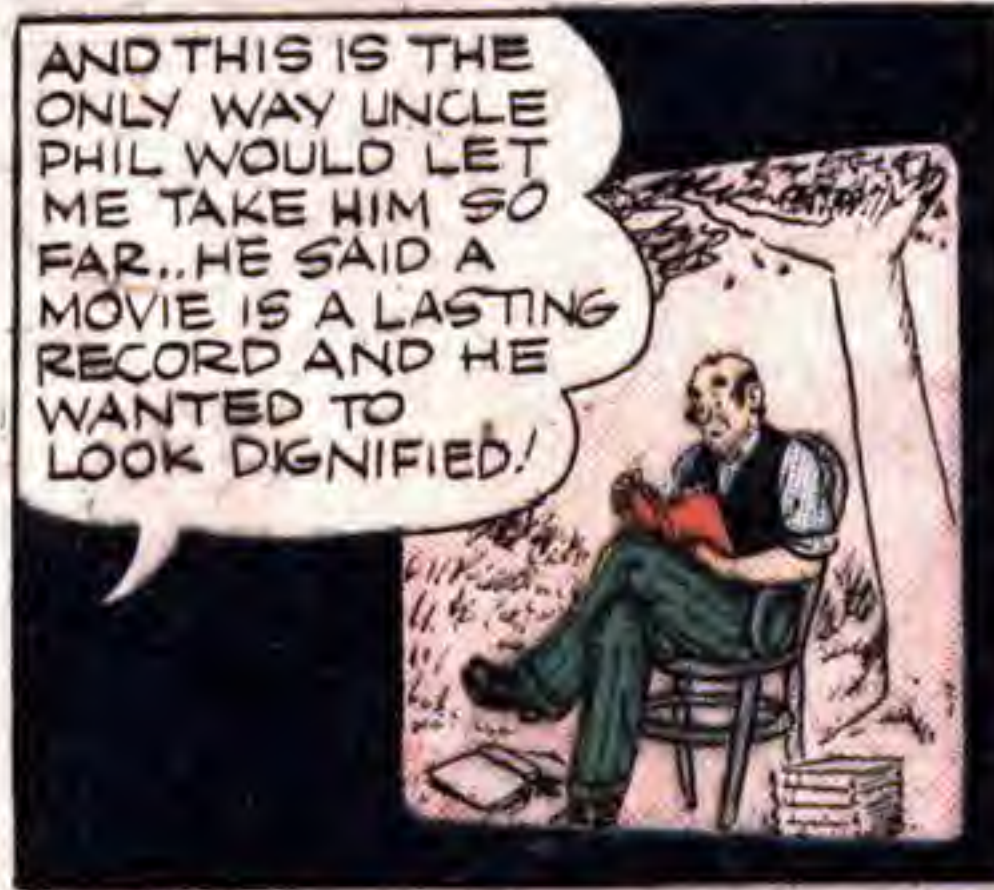






# MICKEY FINN

By LANK LEONARD

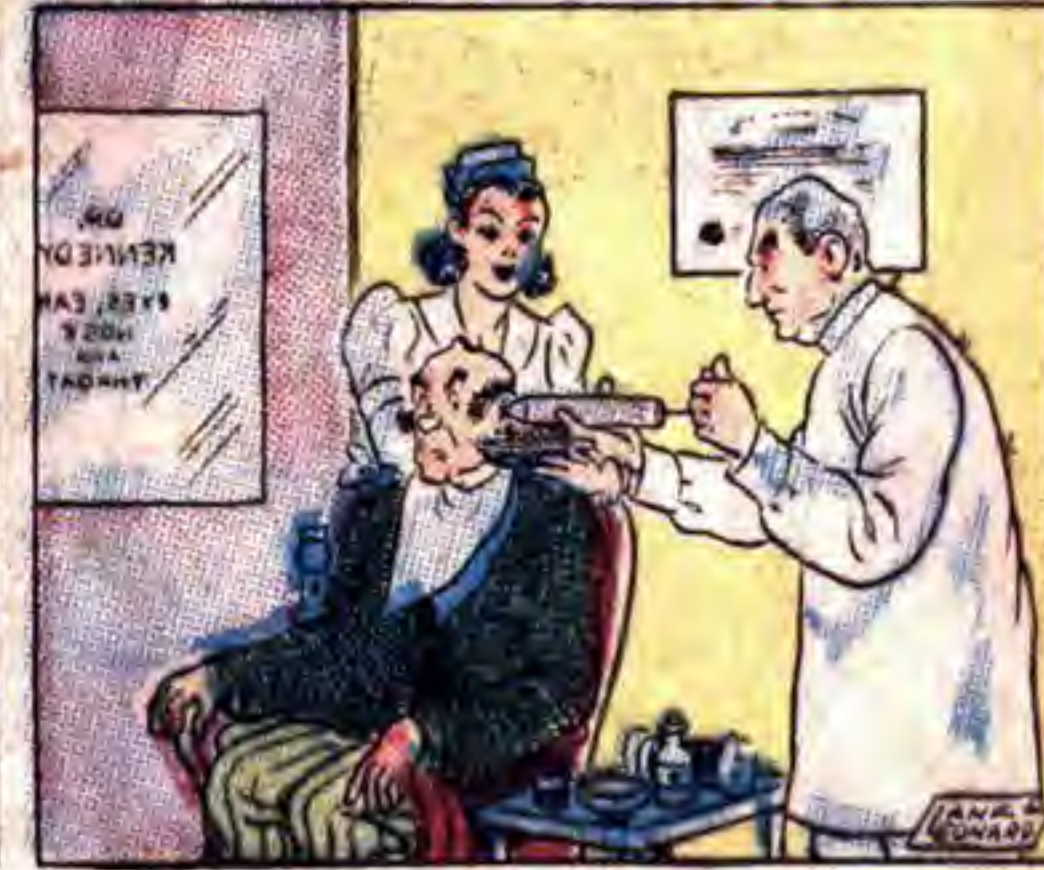
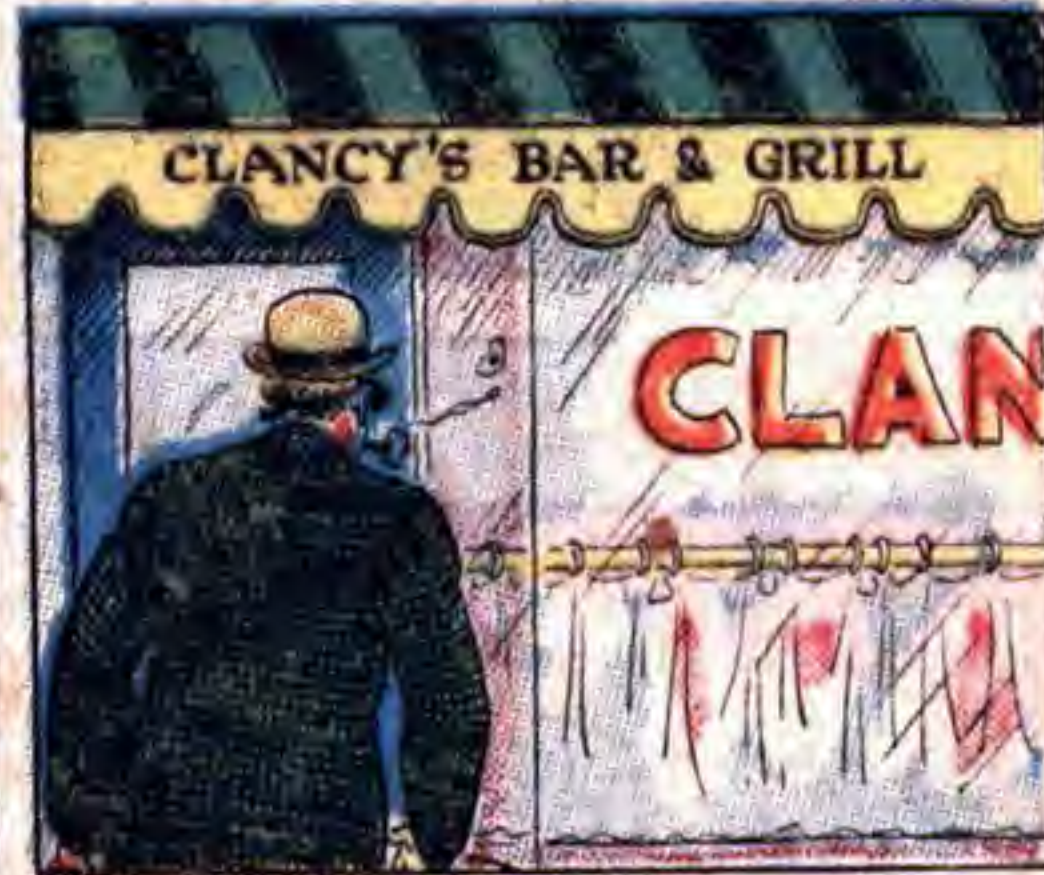






# MICKEY FINN

By LANK LEONARD

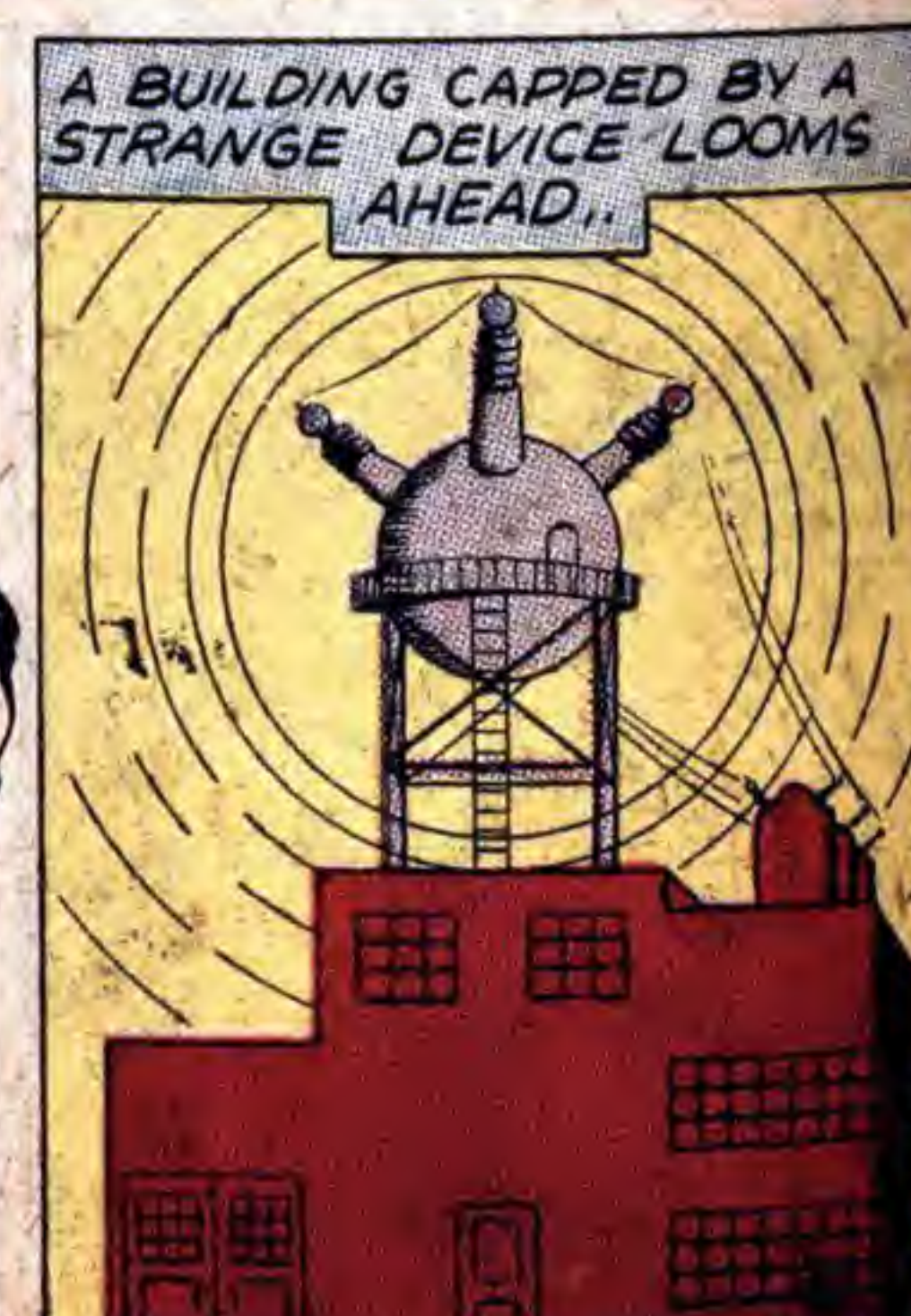


More of Mickey Finn in the January issue of FEATURE COMICS—on sale November 26th.

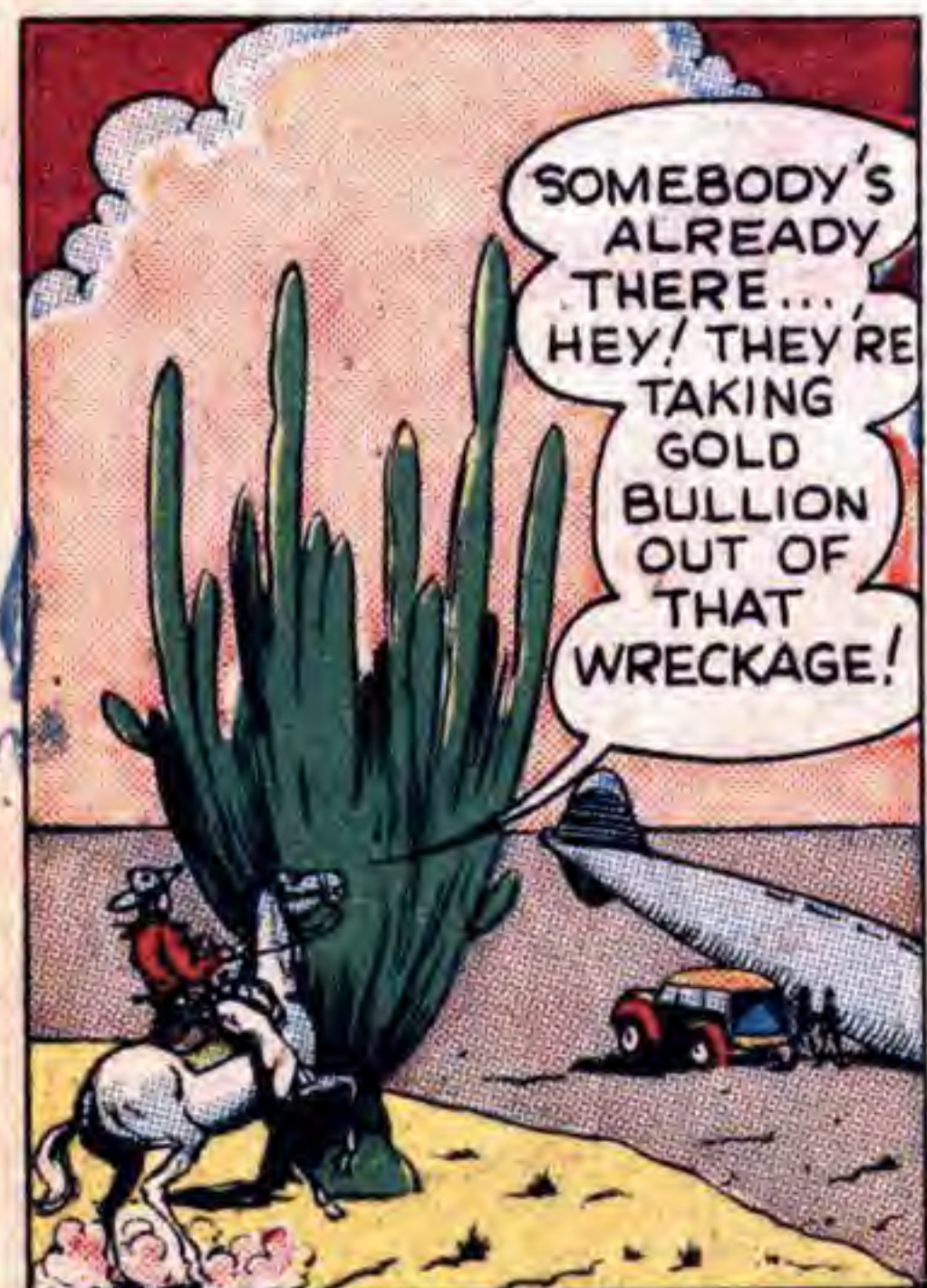
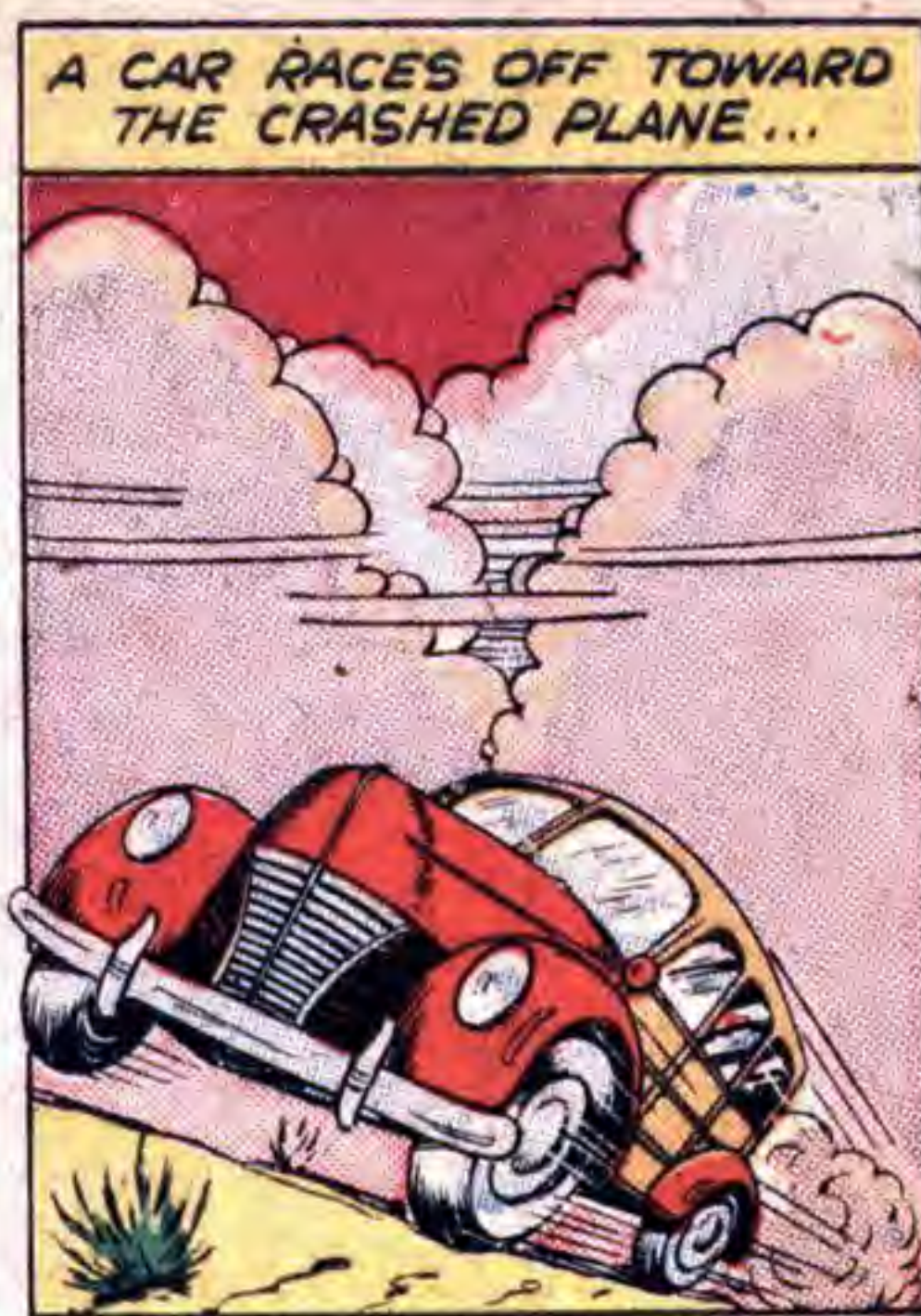
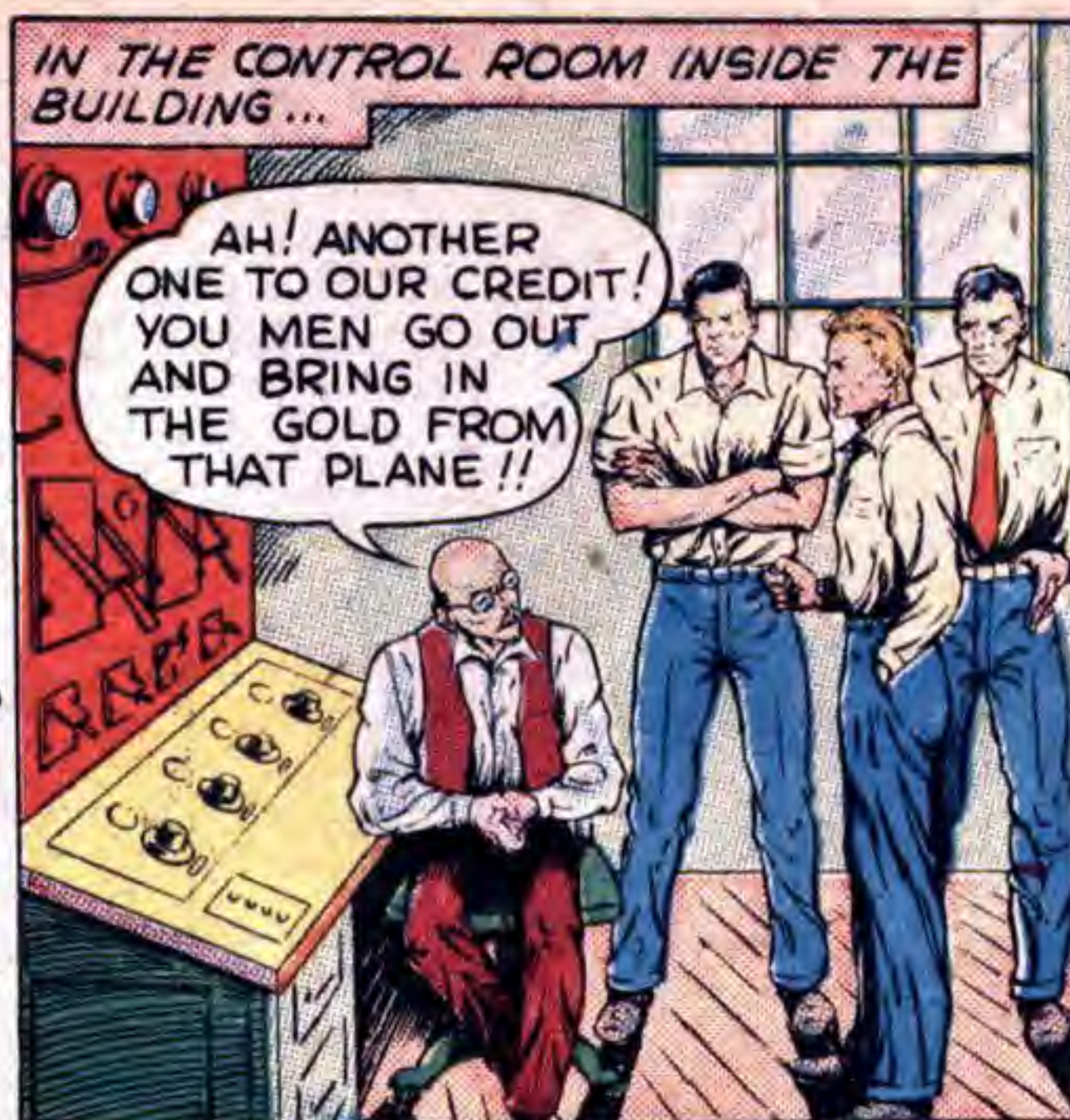


# THE FARGO KID

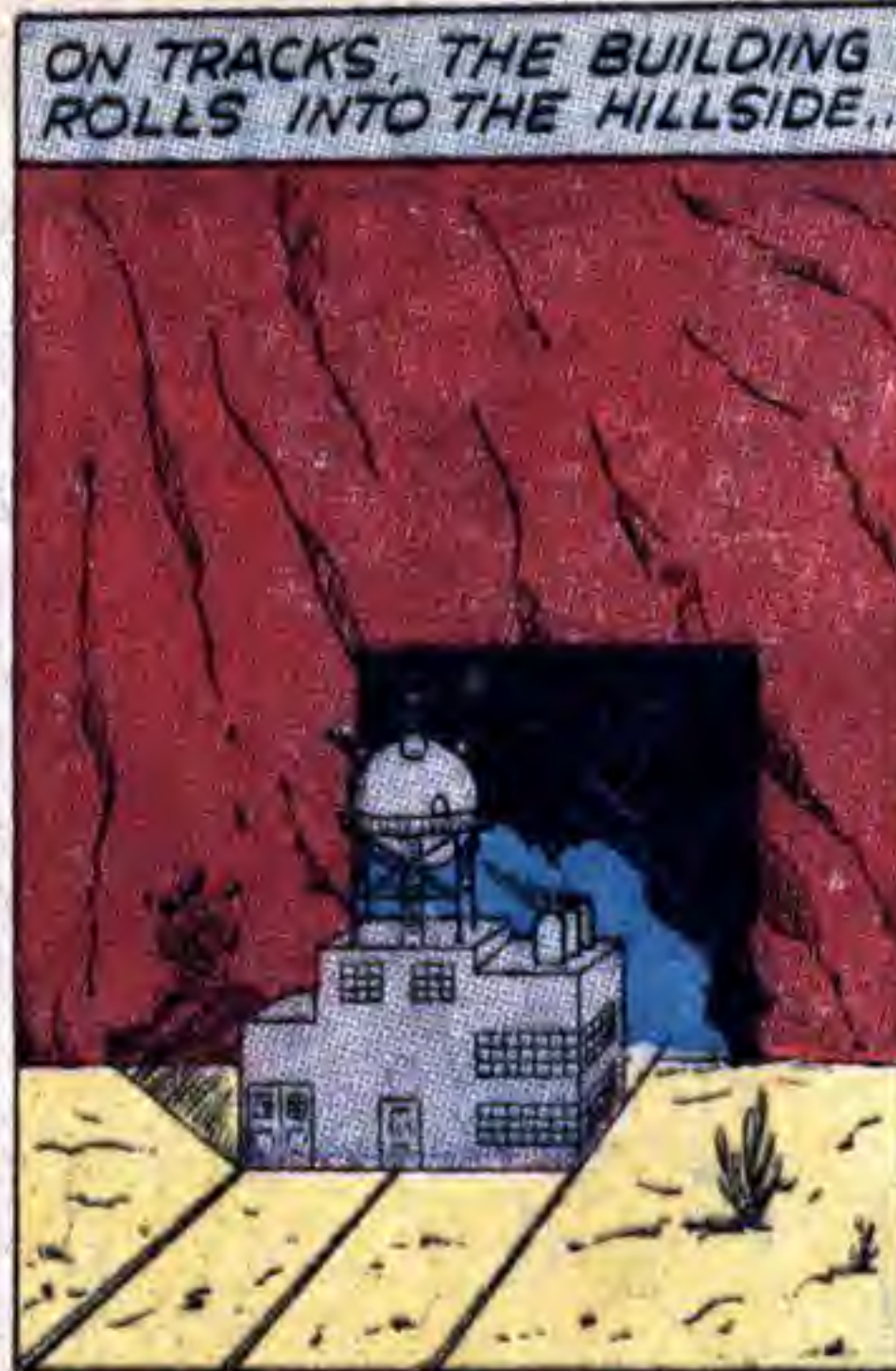
TIM TURNER, BETTER KNOWN AS THE FARGO KID, IS THE WEST'S STOUTEST UPHOLDER OF JUSTICE...











THE KID TAKES A FEW PUFFS AND FLIPS THE CIGARETTE TOWARD THE GUARD'S FACE..



THE CIGARETTE IS LOADED WITH GUN POWDER...



AND HERE'S SOMETHING ELSE THAT'S LOADED!!



THE FARGO KID HEADS FOR THE DOOR...

THIS CAN OF OIL AND ROLL OF PAPER TOWELS WILL COME IN HANDY..



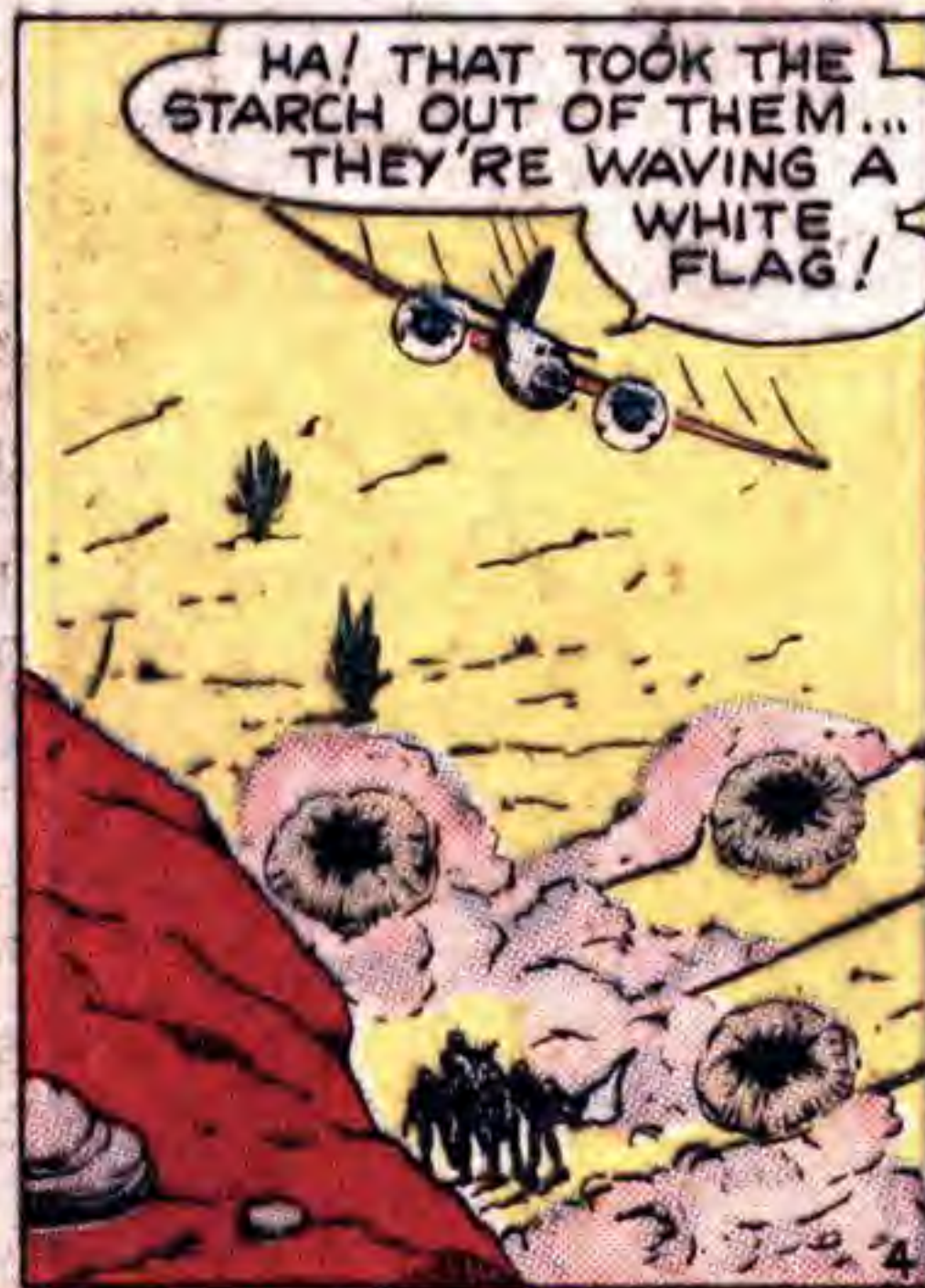
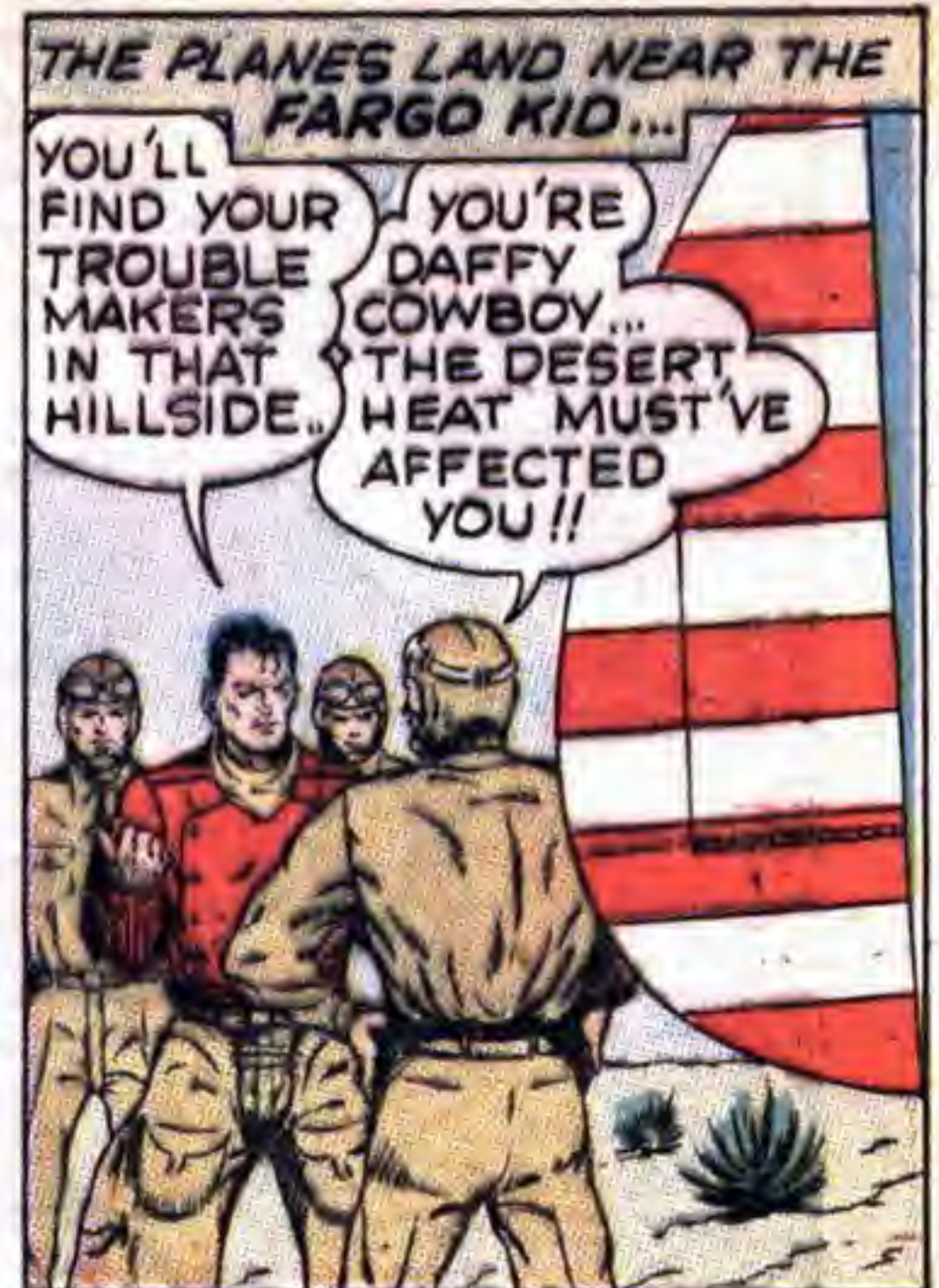
HE GETS OUTSIDE JUST AS THE DOOR CLOSES



THE KID ROLLS OUT THE PAPER, FLOODS IT WITH OIL AND TOUCHES A MATCH TO IT...





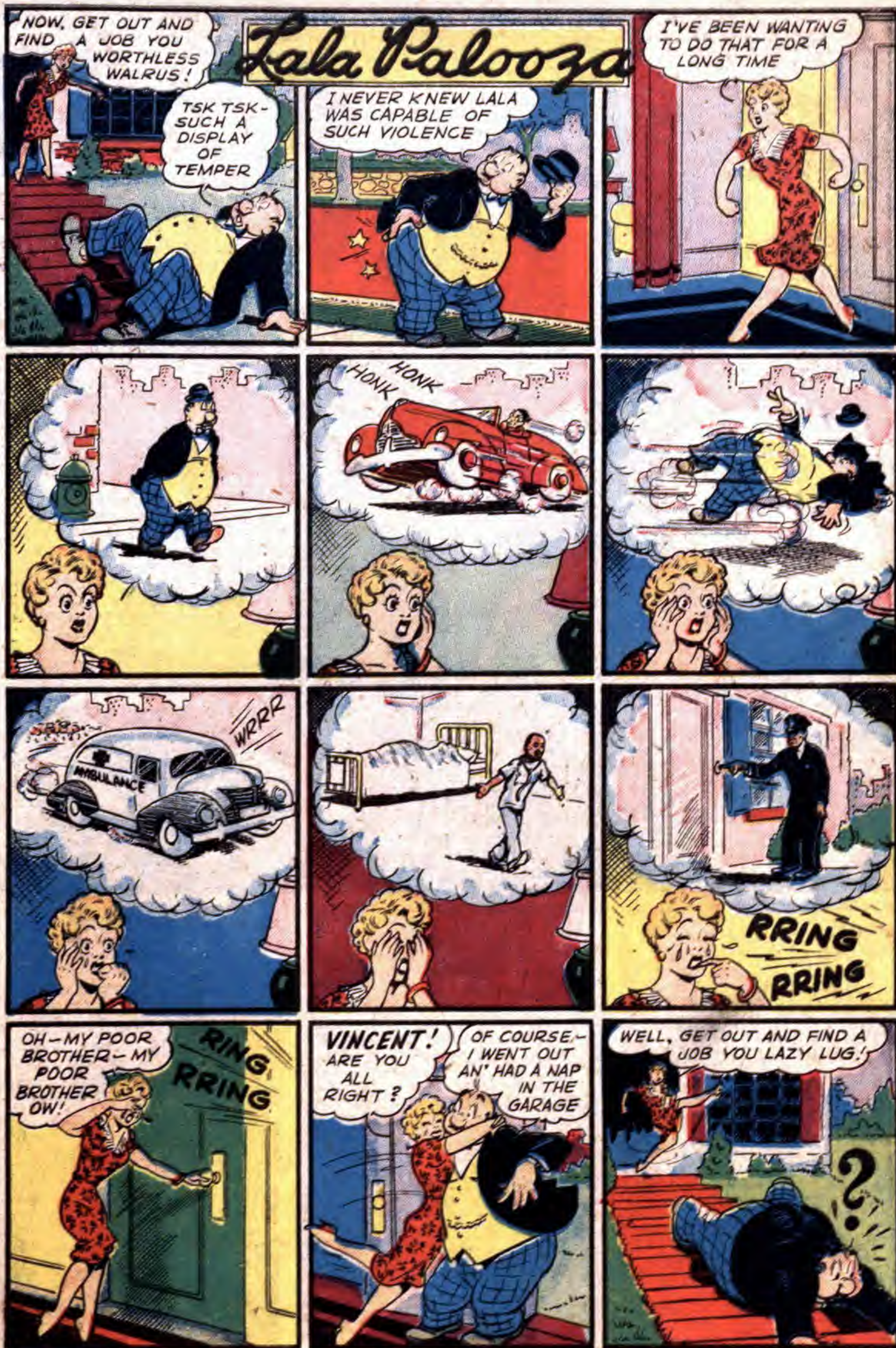




# LALA PALOOZA







Lala Palooza and Vincent come to you again in the January issue.









FOR SEVERAL SOLID NUMBERS THE BAND GIVES OUT, HOLDING THE HUGE AUDIENCE SPELLBOUND!







THERE'S SOME  
LEAD POISONING  
FOR YOU,  
COPPERS!



LOOKOUT!!  
BLACKIE BOYLE!  
HE'S...AFTER...  
..THE...MONEY!



HAND OVER THAT  
SACK OF DOUGH,  
OR YOU'LL BOTH  
GET THE SAME  
MEDICINE!



NO! NO,  
YOU CAN'T TAKE  
THIS MONEY!  
THE ORPHANS...



JUST AROUND THE CORNER...

THAT SOUNDED  
LIKE SHOTS!!

AROUND AT  
THE FRONT OF THE  
GARDEN! LET'S  
GO!!



IT'S BLACKIE  
BOYLE AND HIS  
GANG! SHOOT  
TO KILL!

THAT'LL  
TEACH 'EM!  
GRAB THE  
MONEY,  
BOYS!



MORE COPS!  
UNDER COVER,  
GANG!



THEY'VE GOT US COVERED  
SO WE CAN'T GET TO THE  
CAR. GET INSIDE THE  
GARDEN, AND WE'LL  
USE ANOTHER EXIT!!

INSIDE, SWING AND HIS  
BAND HAVE JUST FINISHED  
THEIR LAST NUMBER...



DID YOU HEAR THAT?  
SHOTS!

PROBABLY  
JUST A  
CAR  
BACKFIRING!

GOSH, I  
DON'T  
KNOW  
ABOUT  
THAT,  
TOBY.



DON'T ANYONE  
MAKE A MOVE,  
OR YOU'LL  
GET BLASTED!

THEY...THEY'VE  
ROBBED THE  
BOX OFFICE  
I'LL BET!



AS THE CROOKS RUSH TOWARD ANOTHER EXIT...

HOLD IT! THREE COPS AT THIS EXIT!

THEY TRY SEVERAL OTHER EXITS, BUT FIND THEM ALL BLOCKED. THEN...

DOWN TO THE BASEMENT. THEY'LL NEVER GET US THERE!

SWING, THEY GOT ALL THE MONEY BELONGING TO THE WAR ORPHANS!

I'LL BE DARNED IF I'M DONATING MY SERVICES TO LET CROOKS GET THE MONEY!

THEN THE POLICE BURST IN...

EVERYBODY STAY RIGHT WHERE YOU ARE. WE'VE GOT BLACKIE BOYLE AND HIS GANG, WHO JUST ROBBED THE BOX OFFICE, TRAPPED HERE IN THE GARDEN!

C'MON, TOBY. WE CAN GET DOWN TO THE BASEMENT THIS WAY! LET'S SEE IF WE CAN CATCH THOSE BABIES!

LET ME GO, SWING. LET ME HELP!

NOTHING DOING, BONNIE. YOU STAY HERE, WHERE YOU'LL BE SAFE!

SWING...UH...W-WHAT ARE WE GOING TO DO IF WE DO CORNER BLACKIE AND HIS GANG? THEY'RE THE TOUGHEST KILLERS IN THE COUNTRY!

WE'LL FIGURE THAT OUT WHEN THE TIME COMES!

SWING, LOOK! A BUNCH OF STUFF LEFT OVER FROM THE HOCKEY GAMES PLAYED HERE!

JUST WHAT WE NEED!

I FEEL LIKE I COULD LICK AN ARMY OF THUGS, NOW! BOY!!

AND NOW TO FIND 'EM!





SHHH! I HEAR SOMEONE DOWN AT THE OTHER END OF THE LOCKER ROOM!

LET'S DUCK BEHIND THESE LOCKERS!



JUST AS TOBY AND SWING DUCK OUT OF SIGHT...

BLACKIE, WE GOTTA FIND A WAY OUTTA THIS PLACE, FAST!

DON'T WORRY! WE'LL GET OUT! WE'VE GOT THE SWAG, AIN'T WE?



AS BLACKIE AND HIS GROUP DRAW NEAR...

NOW HOP ON 'EM, TOBY!!

HEY! THE BUILDING'S CAVING IN ON US!!



YOU'LL THINK WORSE THAN THAT'S HAPPENED TO YOU WHEN WE GET THROUGH WITH YOU!!

A COUPLA MADMEN!! HELP!



TO THE LOCKERS FOR YOU, PAL!



AS BLACKIE BOYLE RISES DIZZILY...

IF I CAN REACH THAT GUN...



BUSY WITH ANOTHER THUG, SWING FAILS TO NOTICE BLACKIE...

THAT JUST ABOUT FINISHES THE GANG UP!



YOU'RE WRONG THERE, MUG! THIS PARTY IS JUST BEGINNING! STICK UP YOUR HANDS!







# REYNOLDS

## OF THE MOUNTED

ART PINAJIAN

A STRANGE AND EXCITING ADVENTURE BEFALLS SERGEANT REYNOLDS AS HE SETS OUT TO SEARCH FOR BLACK BEARD, BUT MEETS AN OLD FRIEND.....



THE HOME OF NORA REYNOLDS, THE SERGEANT'S SISTER.....

REYNOLDS READS ON-SUDDENLY

AND NOW, TIM...UNCLE JIM WILL READ YOU A STORY OF PIRATES AND TREASURE.. IT'S CALLED "TREASURE ISLAND" -

GOSH-

CONSTABLE-  
WHAT'S  
UP??

INSPECTOR  
WANTS YOU  
RIGHT AWAY,  
JIM-

SERGEANT-BLACK BEARD IS ON THE LOOSE... WE'VE JUST RECEIVED WORD HE'S UP TO SOME SCHEME TO PLUNDER THE VILLAGERS- YOU'VE GOT TO STOP HIM!!

YES  
SIR-  
I'LL  
LEAVE  
AT ONCE!





DAYS LATER...

BLACK BEARD'S STRONGHOLD IS HIDDEN IN THOSE HILLS-- NOT MANY WHITE MEN HAVE SEEN--

HEY--

WE GOT 'IM--TH' KILL, MATIES--TH' KILL!

SUDDENLY A SHOT RINGS OUT...

AS THEY DISAPPEAR OVER THE HILL...

WOT WUZ DAT! SHIVER ME TIMBERS!-- A MOUNTIE-- RUN FOR YOUR LIVES!

THAT DID IT--GREAT SCOTT--IT'S JIM HAWKINS!

THANK YOU, SIR-- YOU SURE ROUTED BLACK BEARD'S MEN IN THE NICK OF TIME---

BLACK BEARD'S MEN? THEN HIS HIDEOUT IS NEAR HERE--

YES-- HE'S CAPTURED A FRIEND OF MINE WHO I MEAN TO RESCUE... IT'S EITHER BLACK BEARD'S HEAD OR MINE....

AS AN OLD PIRATE HANDLER, JIM, YOU'RE THE ONE TO DO IT-- I'VE GOT A SCORE TO SETTLE WITH HIM MYSELF-- LET'S TEAM UP EH?? I'M SERGEANT REYNOLDS!!

SWELL-- LET'S GO-- SERGEANT!

SO THAT'S IT! FUNNY, I DIDN'T NOTICE IT BEFORE-- WE MUST FIND A WAY TO GET IN!

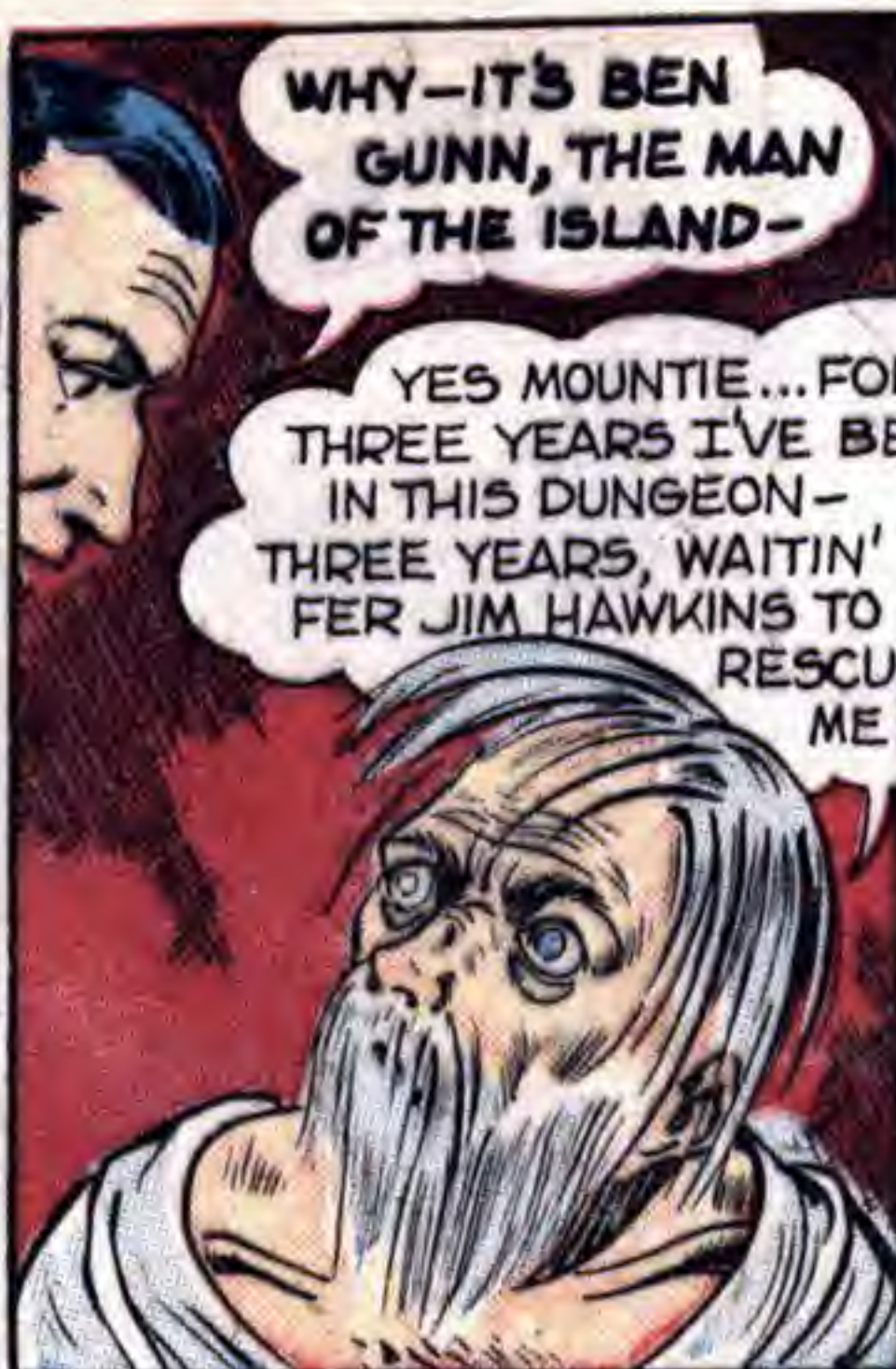
BUT NEITHER HAS HEARD THE FOOTSTEPS AROUND HIM.....



WHEN REYNOLDS COMES TO.....



OW - MY HEAD!  
WHERE AM  
I?... HEY! WHAT'S  
THAT LYING IN  
THE STRAW -  
IT'S  
MOVING!



WHY - IT'S BEN  
GUNN, THE MAN  
OF THE ISLAND -

YES MOUNTIE... FOR  
THREE YEARS I'VE BEEN  
IN THIS DUNGEON -  
THREE YEARS, WAITIN'  
FER JIM HAWKINS TO  
RESCUE  
ME!



I'M SERGEANT REYNOLDS,  
A FRIEND OF JIM'S.....  
HE'S IN THIS CASTLE  
NOW.... A PRISONER LIKE  
US - WE'VE GOT TO  
GET OUT OF  
HERE - LISTEN -

LATER -



HERE MOUNTIE!  
WHAT'S WRONG  
WITH OL' BEN -  
IS HE DEAD?  
HA-HA-HA-HA-

MUST BE -  
HE HASN'T  
MOVED  
SINCE I  
CAME TO...



H-HE IS  
DEAD...



SUDDENLY OUT OF THE STRAW  
TWO IRON HANDS CAME DARTING  
AT THE PIRATE'S THROAT.....

IN THE QUIET OF THE MASSIVE  
WALLS TWO FIGURES MAKE  
THEIR WAY...



I HOPE  
JIM'S  
STILL  
ALIVE!

THIS WAY,  
MOUNTIE -  
WE GO  
STRAIGHT  
TO BLACK  
BEARD'S  
DEN!

AND IN THE DEN OF THE BLACK  
BEARDED TIGER....



SO YOU'RE A PIRATE  
KILLER, EH HAWKINS!  
WOT SAY, LONG  
JOHN - SHALL WE  
KILL 'IM NOW??

TARRY A LITTLE, MATEY -  
I'VE GOT A SCORE TO  
SETTLE WITH THIS  
LITTLE ---



WHAT  
TH-!!





WITH A FLYING LEAD BEN GUNN IS ON LONG JOHN....



THE MOUNTIE RUSHES TO JIM'S AID....



THE MOUNTED'S LOOKING FOR YOU, BLACK BEARD! YOUR GAME OF PLUNDER IS UP!

BLAST YOUR HIDE - I'LL PUT AN END TO YOU



THE PIRATE CHIEF LEAPS TO THE KILL....



BUT REYNOLDS DODGES THE THRUST.



MEANWHILE THE BATTLE WITH LONG JOHN HAS BEEN GOING AGAINST BEN GUNN....

AND NOW I'LL CARVE YOUR HEART OUT, BEN GUNN - HA-HA-HA-HA!





BUT JIM HAWKINS COMES TO OLD GUNN'S AID....

THIS APPLE BARREL MEANT YOUR DOOM ONCE, LONG JOHN—IT'LL DO IT AGAIN... TAKE THAT!

HEY!

SUDDENLY SCREAMING PIRATES SWARM INTO THE ROOM.....

TH' CANNON, BEN—IT'S OUR ONLY CHANCE!

IF THE SERGEANT CAN HOLD 'EM OFF AWHILE WE'LL GIVE 'EM A WARM WELCOME!

WITH MINUTES TO SPARE THEY HANDLE THE CANNON LIKE VETERANS...

SHE'S ALL SET, JIM—

OUT OF TH' WAY SERGEANT—OKAY... LET 'ER GO!

THE WALLS OF BLACK BEARD'S STRONGHOLD CRUMBLE LIKE PAPER...

OUT OF THE RUINS...

WE MADE IT! BLACK BEARD'S DEAD AND BEN GUNN'S SAVED!

YES—

SUDDENLY A FALLING MISSILE HITS THE MOUNTIE...

SERGEANT—LOOK OUT!

UNCLE JIM! WAKE UP... YOU'VE FALLEN ASLEEP AND I WANT TO HEAR MORE OF TREASURE ISLAND!

WH—WHERE AM I? OH—YES, TREASURE ISLAND... LET'S SEE NOW—WHERE WERE WE??



# Captain BRUCE BLACKBURN COUNTERSPY

by  
HARRY  
FRANCIS  
CAMPBELL

in  
THWARTED  
ASSASSINS

CAPTAIN BRUCE BLACKBURN, ACE OF MILITARY INTELLIGENCE, IS REALLY 2 PEOPLE; HIMSELF AND HIS DOUBLE, LIEUT. JACKSON. NOW, THE PRESIDENT'S LIFE IS IN DANGER, AND BRUCE IS FLYING TO NEW YORK TO PROTECT HIM!



THAT NIGHT IN NEW YORK

I **THOUGHT** SONYA WAS **BEHIND THIS!** I'LL JUST FOLLOW THAT BEAUTIFUL **SUPER-SPY!**



THE LADY? SHE GOT OFF AT THE TOP FLOOR!



TAKE ME THERE!

AFTER AN HOURS FUTILE SEARCH—

EITHER THAT ELEVATOR MAN LIED—OR SONYA DISAPPEARED INTO THIN AIR!



IN THE ROOM OF JACKSON, BRUCE'S DOUBLE.

WATCH THE ACME BUILDING FOR **SONYA**, AND **FOLLOW HER.**



OK, BRUCE!

BRUCE HAD A BUM STEER, I'LL BET. **NO**, HERE COMES A **WOMAN!**



IT'S **SONYA!**



I'LL STICK TO HER LIKE A LEECH!



NEXT DAY, BRUCE WATCHES THE ROUTE OF THE PARADE IN WHICH THE PRESIDENT WILL RIDE.

EVERYTHING **SEEMS** QUIET—







AS BRUCE WAITS,  
ANXIOUSLY.

THAT CAN'T BE  
THE PARADE!  
IT'S TOO  
EARLY!

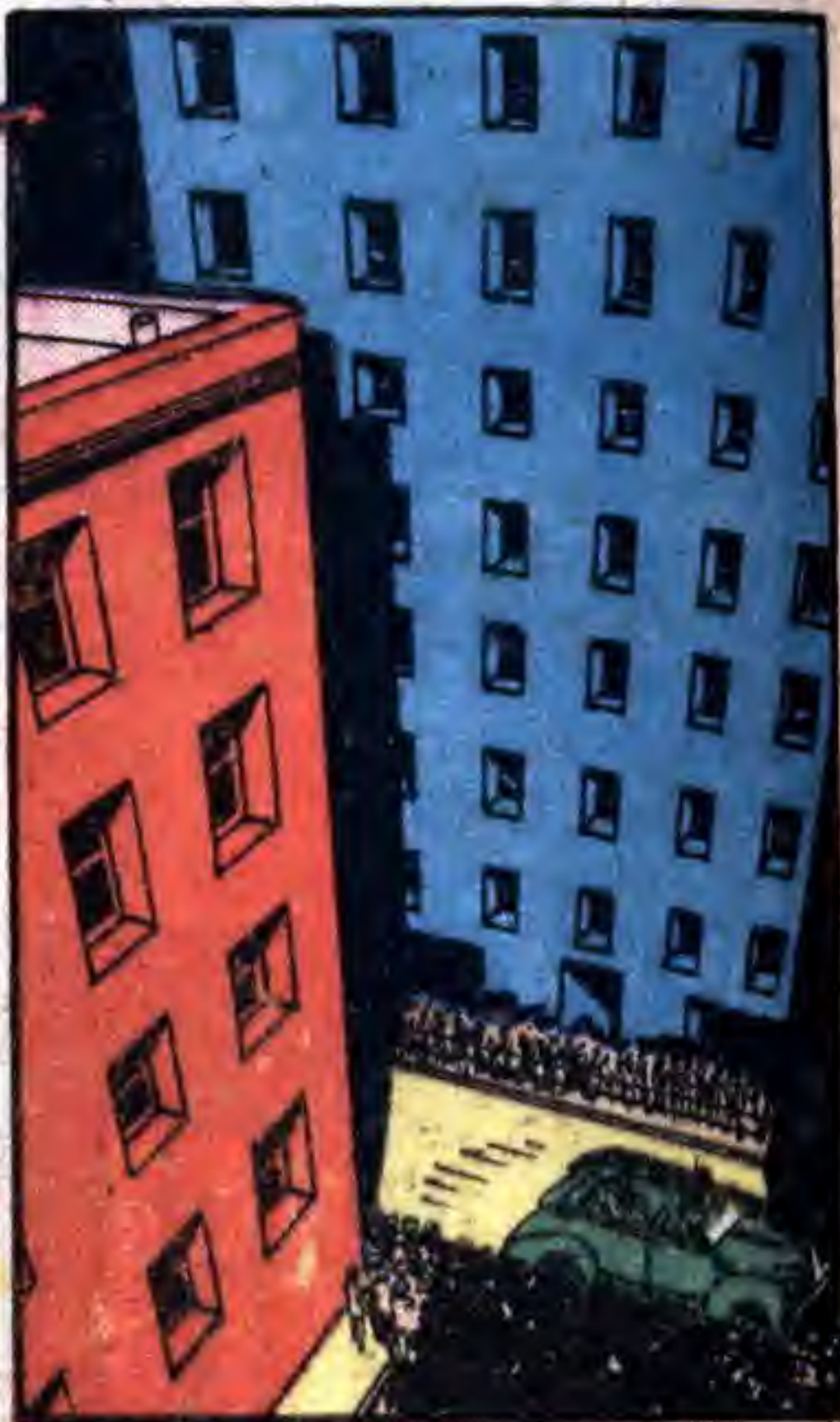
IT IS ONE GENERAL BANKS  
EN ROUTE TO HIS COMM-  
AND AND IN A HURRY.....  
SUDDENLY HE SLUMPS  
DOWN—

HE'S BEEN **SHOT!** PROBABLY  
A SILENCED RIFLE, AND  
**TELESCOPIC** SIGHTS.



MEANWHILE, JACKSON  
STILL FOLLOWS SONYA.

BLACKBURN HAS FOLLOW-  
ED ME LONG ENOUGH! I'LL  
SHAKE HIM THIS WAY!



ACME BUILDING, AND  
**STEP ON IT!**



BACK WHERE GENERAL  
BANKS WAS SHOT, BRUCE  
EXPLAINS.

BUT, **WHY?** A **MISTAKE**, THEY  
THOUGHT IT WAS  
THE **PRESIDENT**.



**STOP THE PARADE!**

**CALL IT OFF!**  
**WARN THE**  
**PRESIDENT!**



I GOT THE **WRONG** MAN.  
BUT **NEXT TIME** - UNLESS  
THIS FRIGHTENS HIM INTO  
NOT RIDING  
IN THE SILLY  
PARADE!



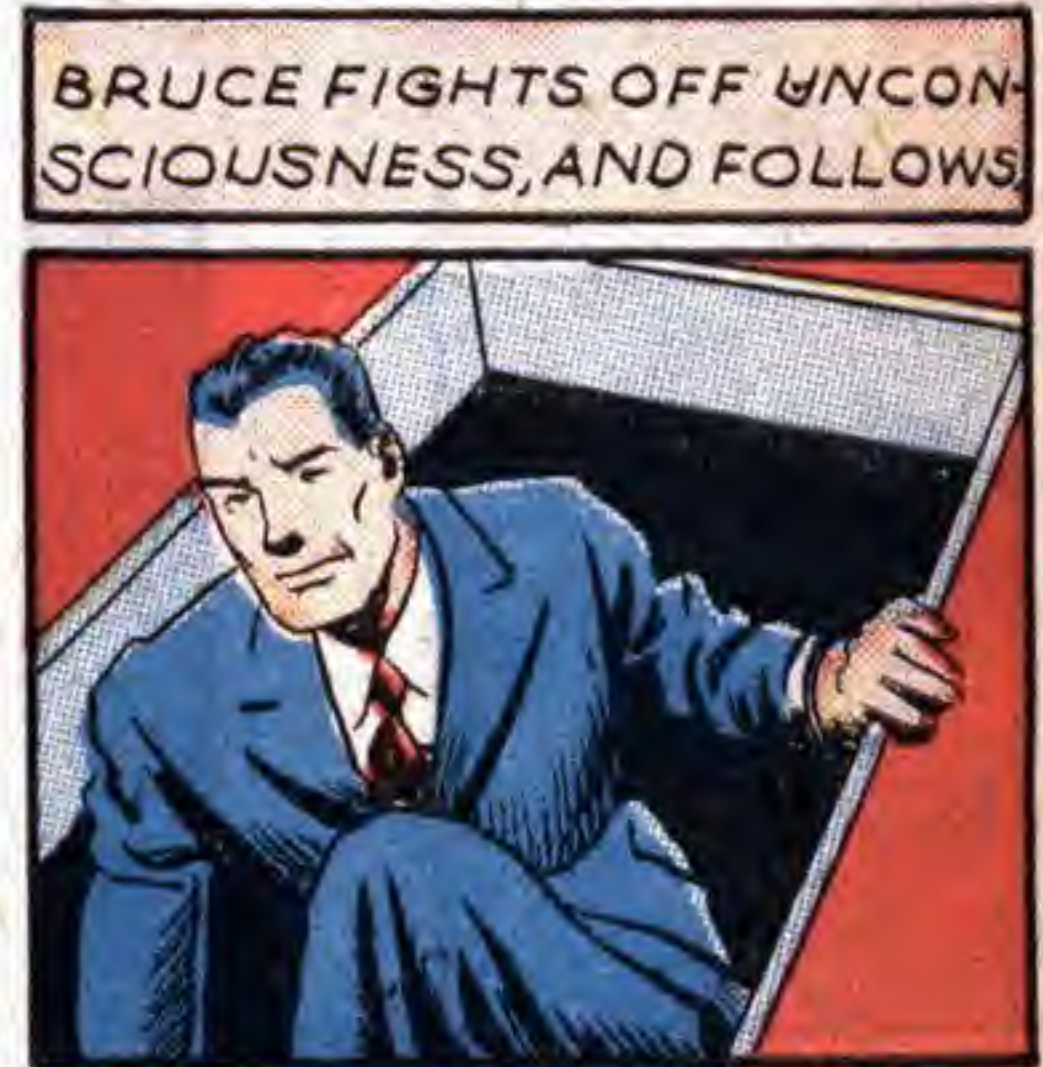
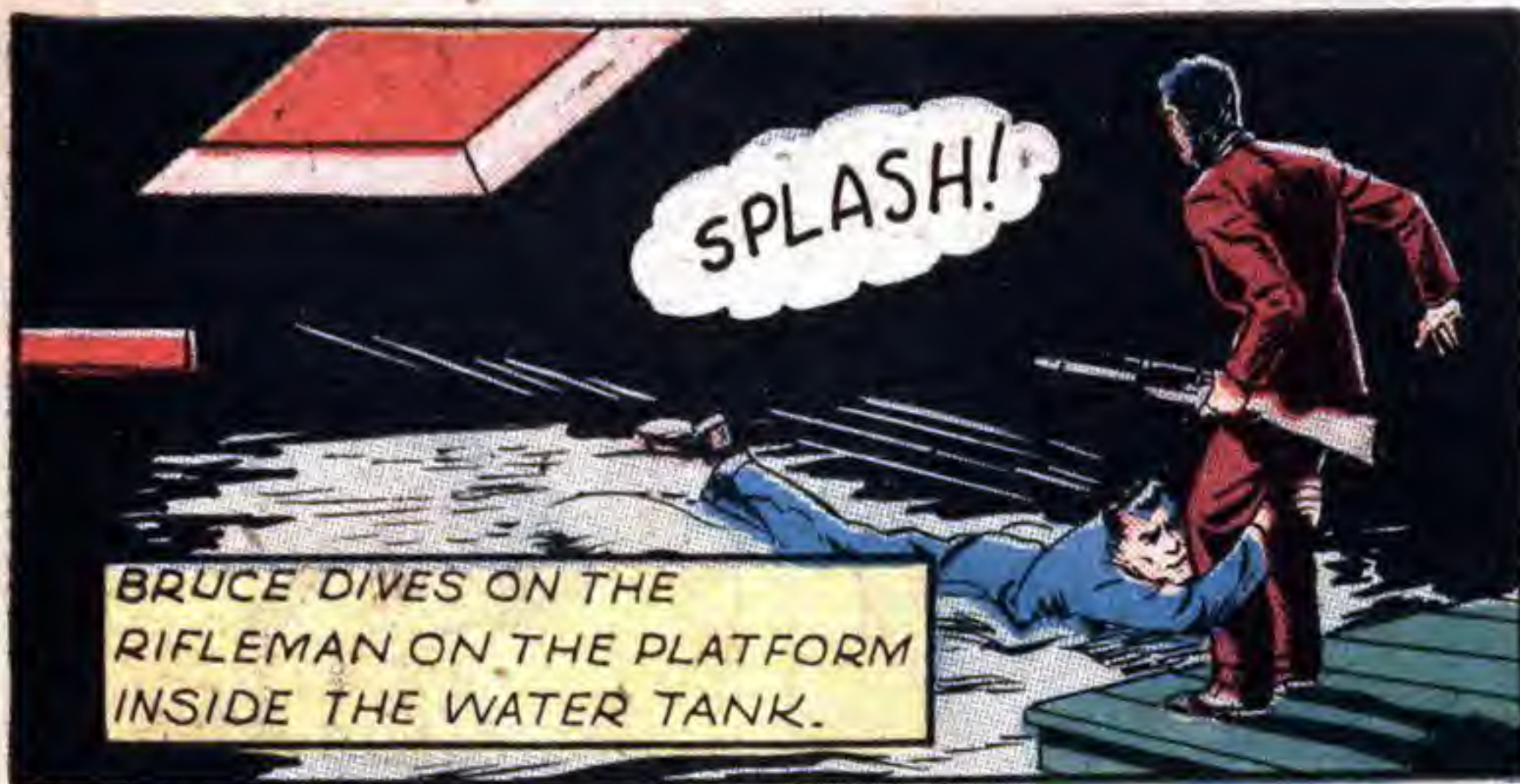
WE LINED UP  
THE BULLET!  
WE **THINK** IT  
CAME FROM  
THE **EMPIRE**  
**STATE**  
BUILDING,  
CAPTAIN!

I CAN SEE  
THE ACME'S  
WATER  
TOWER  
IN THE  
SAME  
LINE!













TOTTERING 250 FEET ABOVE THE SIDEWALK, BRUCE BATTLES.



YOU ASKED FOR IT, HEINIE!



EYOW-A-A-A-E-E-



HOW DO I GET DOWN? I NEVER COULD STAND HEIGHTS EXCEPT IN A PLANE. YEOW!



I FEEL SAFER THIS WAY—IT'S SONYA!

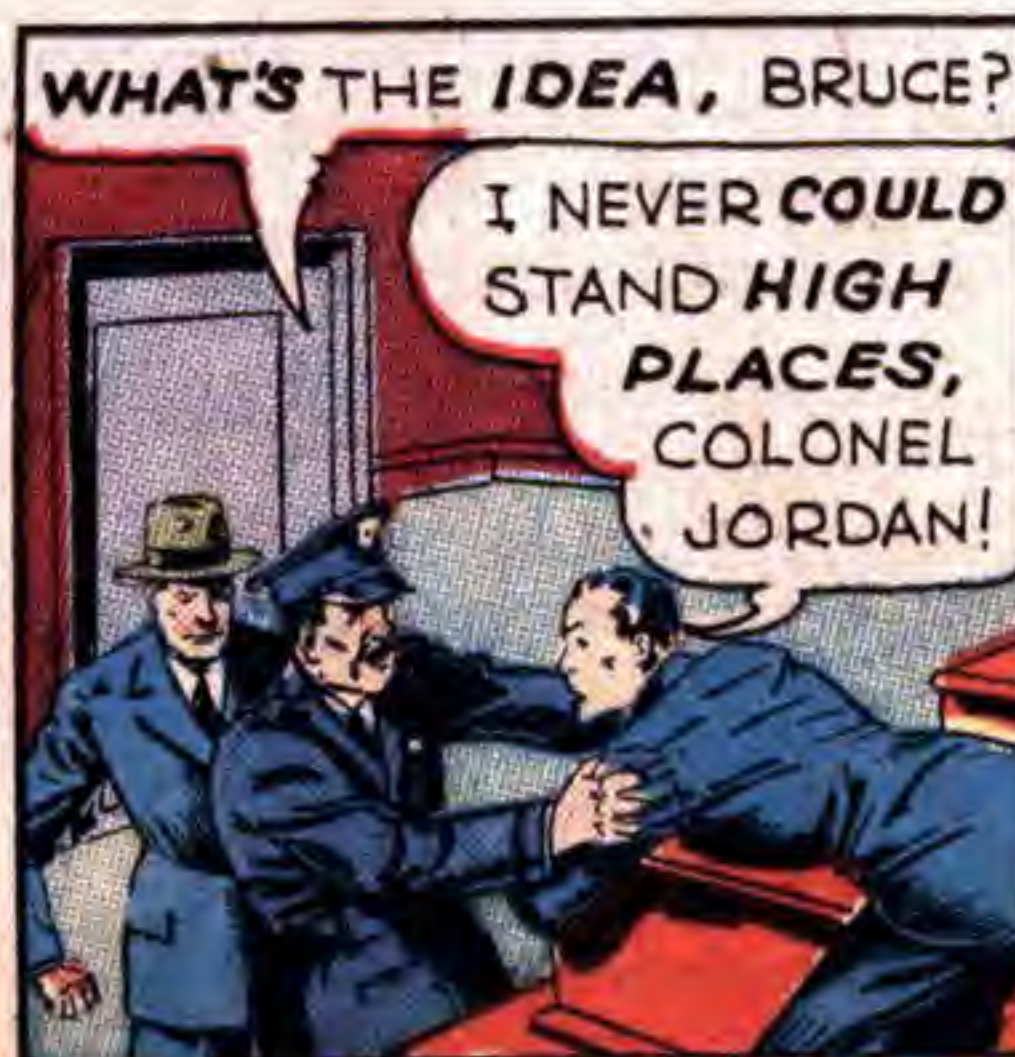
YOU DO?



SOMEONE'S COMING UP! I'VE GOT TIME TO ESCAPE.



JACKSON! GOSH, I'M GLAD TO SEE YOU, GET ME OFF OF HERE!



WHAT'S THE IDEA, BRUCE?

I NEVER COULD STAND HIGH PLACES, COLONEL JORDAN!



WELL, THE PRESIDENT PASSED SAFELY, BRUCE!

I KNOW IT! BUT IF YOU'LL LOOK DOWN ON THE PAVEMENT YOU'LL FIND A RIFLE AND THE REMAINS OF A SHARPSHOOTER, COLONEL!





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The ship burned with a strange flickering fire. Its four masts and its full complement of sail were engulfed in bluish flames. It sailed along through the velvet-black night; then suddenly it disappeared. Had it sunk? Its disappearance was too abrupt for that. Then—what had happened to it?

The fishermen, hardy descendents of the early French Voyageurs, paddled furiously for shore. It had come again, the ghost ship! It had sailed down the broad St. Lawrence in flames, and vanished. Many times before it had come, and always there had been a death.

In the homes of the French fishermen there were many candles burnt that night, in clusters of five on the wide mantels. Prayers were said. For who knew who was to be the doomed one?

Perry Scott, on a commission for the Canadian Navy, maneuvered his fast cruiser into a little cove and dropped anchor. Here in the ancient village of Mingan they would put up for the night. It would be a relief from the long voyage in the small cruiser.

It was in the little tavern of the Cross-eyed Bull that Perry heard about the ghost ship making its appearance—and disappearance. The old Norman innkeeper, wringing his hands, told them how, just before they docked, the flaming ship had vanished a mile below the village. He pointed to the candelabra and their guttering tapers.

"'Tis best we pray, mes amies," he said reverently, "lest we be overtaken by the curse."

"What curse?" asked Perry.

"The curse of the ghost ship, mon ami! Have you not heard?"

The tale was a long one, but Perry and his two assistants listened in polite silence.

"Whew!" said Perry when the story had come to an end. "I'd like to see your flaming ghost ship!"

The innkeeper crossed himself. "Sacre, do not say so, my son!"

But Perry meant to see the ghost ship, if such a ship existed, which he doubted. Legend spawns such fantastic tales. And the superstitious are wont to exaggerate them in the re-telling.

"Where there's smoke there's fire," Ted Shane, one of Perry's assistants reminded gently. "Mebbe they have something there!"

"Blah!" snorted Greg Laird, the second assistant.

Next morning, Perry and his two companions concluded their business, finishing by noon.

"We have a free night, fellows," said Perry. "What say we go see the ghost ship?"

The others were for it. However, they were convinced that it was nothing but a will-o'-the-wisp.

They took the cruiser out of the cove just after seven. It was growing dark, and a light wind had sprung up, scraping the fog from the river's surface. They sailed down the St. Lawrence almost to Quebec, but nary a ghost ship, or any other kind, did they see. They returned to the inn at midnight.

They should have been off the next day for Labrador, but Perry was subtly intrigued by the story of the ghost ship. He announced, "We'll try again tonight."

The fog came again that night, and when their boat poked its nose west about seven-thirty, they were forced to sail by instruments. It was Greg Laird who yelled suddenly:

"Look! The ghost ship!"

It had appeared magically directly across their bow, not a quarter-mile away, a flaming four-master. It seemed to hover in one spot, moving slowly, almost imperceptibly, toward the south.

"Let's go!" shouted Perry. He gave the signal for full speed ahead. The craft sped away like something alive.

They bore down upon the uncanny ship, and Perry swung the cruiser around



it when they were only two hundred yards off its stern. They slid past. Then abruptly the blazing ship vanished! It was there one moment, then it was gone!

"Say, what's this!" Perry exclaimed.

"Mebbe disappeared in the soup," Ted hazarded.

Greg shook his head. "Couldn't vanish like that."

"I've got an idea, fellows," said Perry. "You recall it was foggy night before last—when that ghost ship was seen. It's foggy tonight. Does that suggest anything to you Einsteins?"

Perry circled back. Then Greg let out a yell. "There she is!"

She was. But her rigging was gone. Only the deck smoldered with flames, and then it too was gone, engulfed in the smother of waves rising with the wind. The ship vanished completely.

"She went down," said Ted. "My gosh, we ought to do something—"

Perry laughed. "We're going to do something, lads. Tomorrow we're going to tell the world all about this ghost ship business!"

Perry spent an hour in the ship's dark room. He took many pictures and often

did that, so there was no question about what he was doing this time.

The next day, Perry visited the village library. Luckily, he found what he wanted: a list of old ships which had gone down in the St. Lawrence in days gone by. He found the one he wanted at last: In 1703, the brig *St. Mibiel*, out of Calais, had gone down with all hands. It lay in forty fathoms. Further, this region was noted for appearances of that phenomenon St. Elmo's Fire—a strange refulgence that gleams sometimes on rotting logs, old ships, wires, icy buildings. The *St. Mibiel* was coated with the strange St. Elmo's Fire. And the entire ship, according to the photos Perry produced of the fog bank, was being reflected against the fog—just like a mirror.

"It's the fog that does it," said Perry. "Because you see, I checked back and found out that the ship has never been seen except on foggy nights."

So that ended the mystery of the ghost ship!

**MORE ADVENTURES OF  
PERRY SCOTT in the  
JANUARY ISSUE OF  
FEATURE COMICS  
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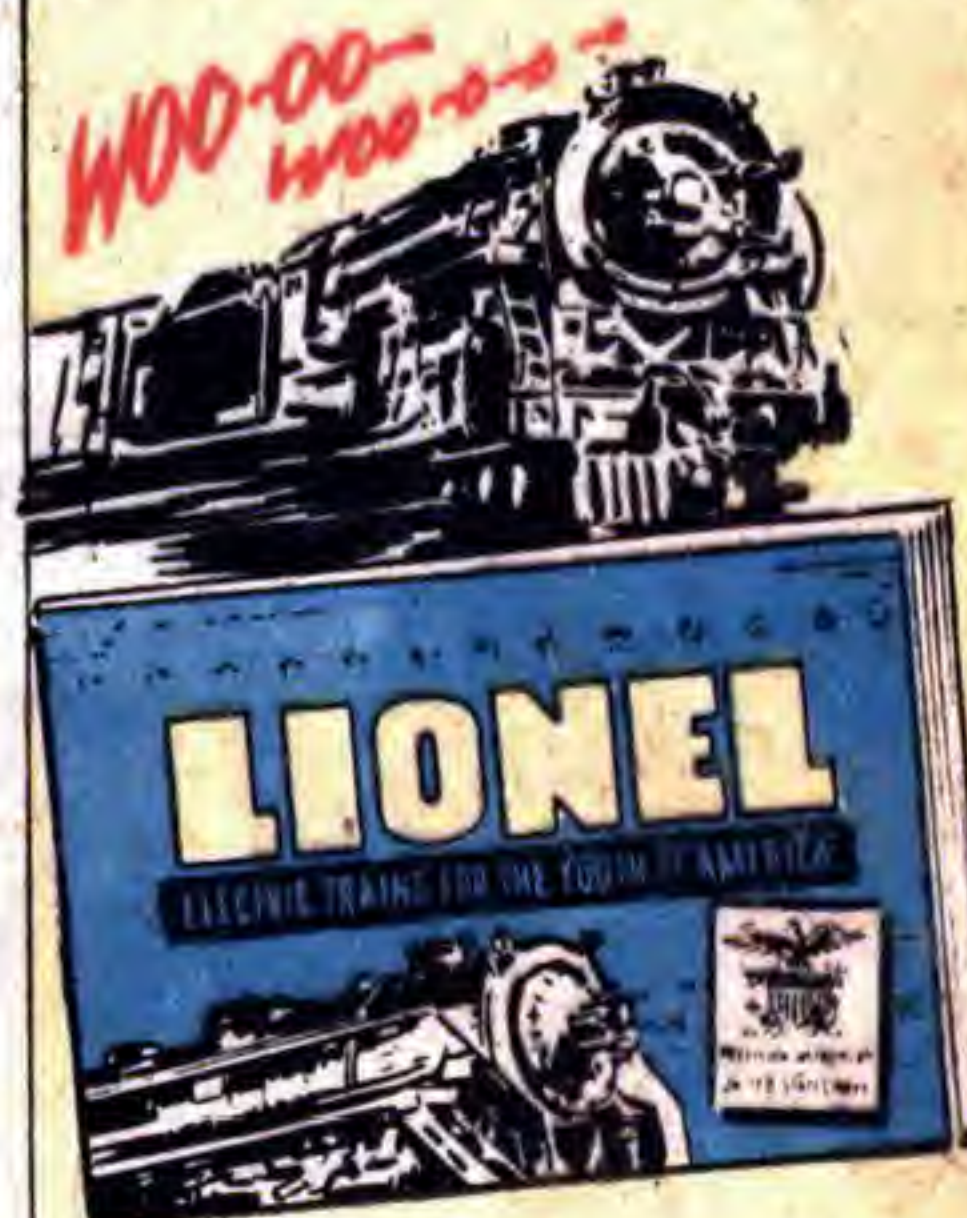
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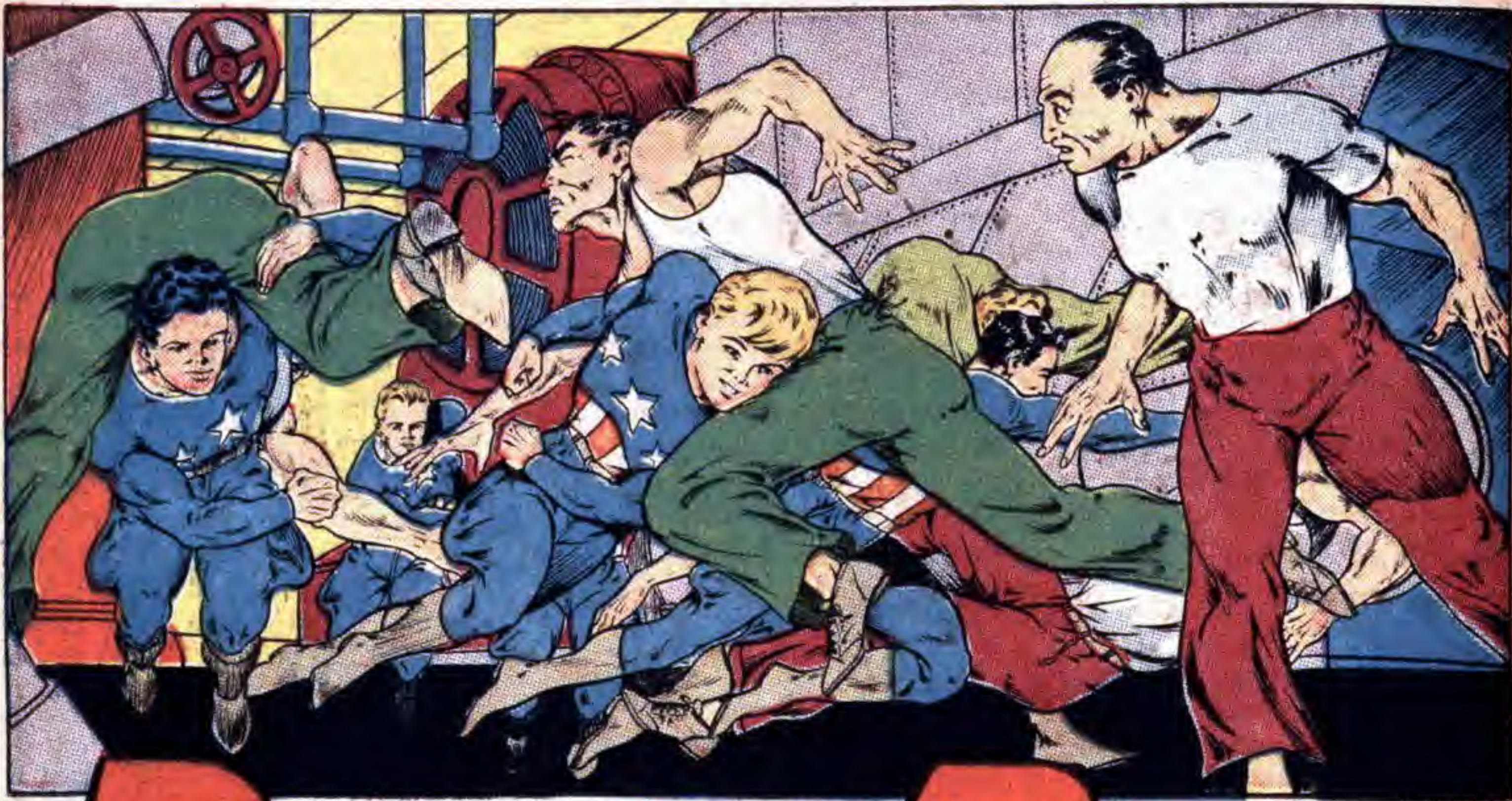
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# Rusty Ryan

AND  
THE  
BOYVILLE  
BRIGADIERS

TRAVELING ALONG THE GREAT  
LAKES HIGHWAY IS AN OLD  
JALLOPY CARRYING SIX BOYS..  
...THE BOYVILLE BRIGADIERS..

OH BOY.. A FREE  
TOUR FOR US  
AROUND THE  
COUNTRY!

YOU'RE  
A GENIUS,  
RUSTY!

BALONEY!  
IT WAS JUST LUCK  
THAT I WON THAT  
ESSAY CONTEST  
ON AMERICANISM!  
ALL I DID WAS  
WRITE WHAT I  
THOUGHT- NOTHING  
FANCY!

YES... BUT YOU WERE  
A GENIUS TO THINK  
OF THE BRIGADIERS  
WHEN THEY SAID IT  
WAS FOR THE WHOLE  
FAMILY!

WELL.. WE  
SAID WE'D  
STICK TOGETHER  
ALL THE  
TIME!!

YES SIR.. ONE FOR  
ALL ... AND ALL FOR  
UNCLE SAM!







HEY, RUSTY..LOOK AT THAT BIG FREIGHTER!

IT'S A BIG ONE ALL RIGHT!

JUST THEN, A FLASH OF LIGHT FROM THE BOAT HITS THE BRIGADIERS.....



HEY..ARE THEY TRYING TO BLIND US?

WHAT TH'??

WAIT A MINUTE, FELLAS.. IT'S COMING IN DOTS AND DASHES. ...THE MORSE CODE! 3 DOTS... 3 DASHES... 3 DOTS... SOS!! HEY.. THERE'S SOMETHING WRONG OUT THERE!!



HERE IT COMES AGAIN!...HEY... IT STOPPED!! WHAT WAS THAT?

SOUNDED LIKE A SHOT COMING FROM THAT FREIGHTER!!

HOLY SMOKES... THEN THERE IS SOMETHING WRONG OUT THERE!

THERE'S A ROW-BOAT DOWN THERE! C'MON.. WE'RE GOING OUT TO THAT SHIP!



A SHORT TIME LATER.. THE BRIGADIERS PULL UP TO THE BOW OF THE FREIGHTER



TIE IT TO THE ANCHOR CHAIN! ED.. GO EASY ON THE NOISE!



OKAY!

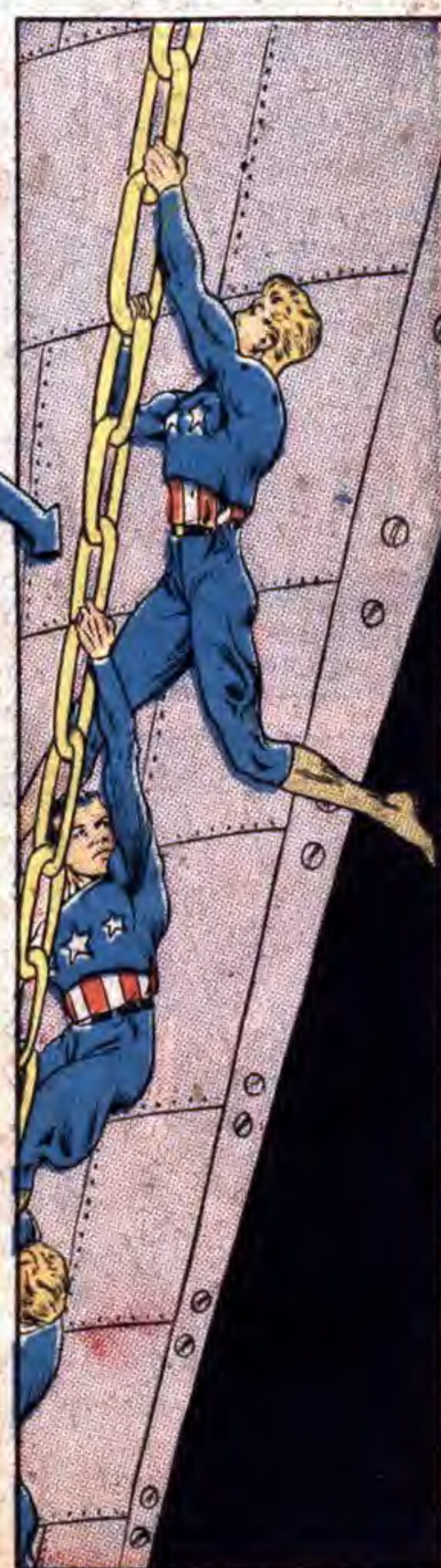
WHAT TH'?? HEY! WHERE'D YOU COME FROM?



AS RUSTY REACHES THE DECK.....



THAT SHIRT !! THE BOYVILLE BRIGADIERS!!







GIT OUTA HERE, YOU!

OH, YEAH?



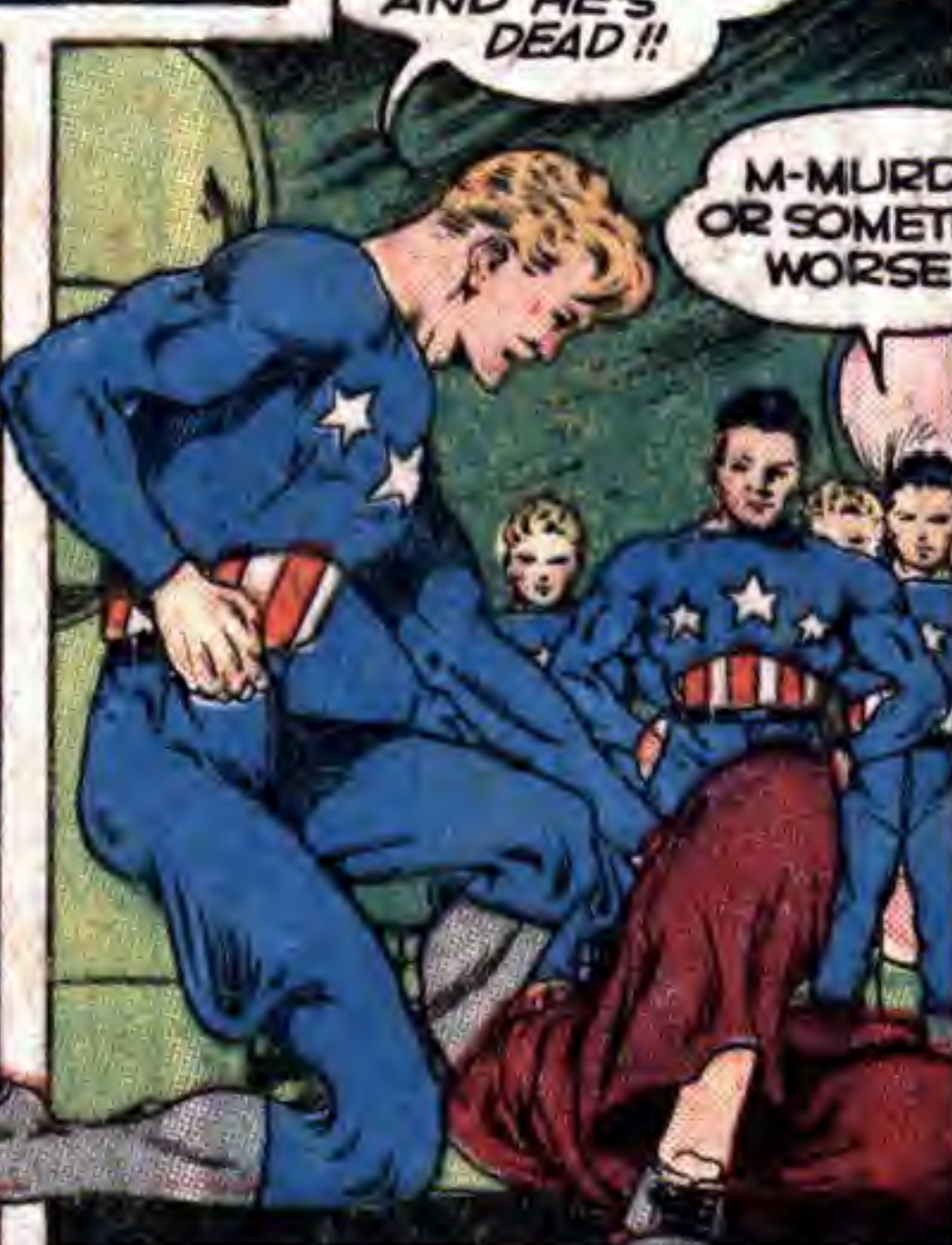
A SMART PUNK, EH... I'LL FIX YOU!



OH..OH.. TROUBLE ALREADY!!



HURRY UP, FELLAS. WANT TO SEE WHO THIS TOUGH SAILOR WAS DRAGGING!



HE'S BEEN SHOT IN THE BACK... AND HE'S DEAD!!

M-MURDER.. OR SOMETHING WORSE!



I DON'T LIKE THIS... IT'S TOO QUIET.. AND THERE'S NO ONE ON DECK!!



LET'S TAKE A LOOK IN THE CABINS..



THERE'S A LIGHT COMING FROM THAT CABIN!!

VOICES TOO!



YOU'LL NEVER GET AWAY WITH THIS!!



YOU THINK SO? RIGHT NOW YOUR ENTIRE CREW IS LOCKED IN THE HOLD... AND MY MEN ARE PLACING EXPLOSIVES ALL OVER THIS BOAT!



THE ONLY PLACE THIS BOAT WILL BE STOPPED FOR INSPECTION IS AT THE ERIE LOCKS! IT'S UP TO YOU TO SEE THAT NOTHING GOES WRONG... OR THIS SHIP BLOWS UP -TAKING THE LOCKS WITH IT!

A FEW MOMENTS LATER



YOU'VE GOT ME  
NO MATTER HOW  
I TURN! OKAY,  
RAT, YOU WIN..  
I'LL SEE THAT  
YOU REACH THE  
ATLANTIC  
SAFELY!!

BUT ONCE YOU'RE  
THERE, I HOPE  
ONE OF YOUR  
SUBS SPOTS US  
AND BLOWS US  
TO BITS!!

HA-HA - I HAVE  
TAKEN CARE OF  
THAT ALSO...EVERY  
U-BOAT ON THE  
SEAS HAS ORDERS  
TO LET THIS SHIP  
PASS!

MY FRIEND.. THE  
FEUHRER OVERLOOKS  
NOTHING!

WOW!!  
NAZIS HUACKING  
THIS BOAT!  
SO THAT'S  
IT!

C'MON, FELLAS.. WE HAVE  
TO FIND THE REAL CREW!  
-ULP!-

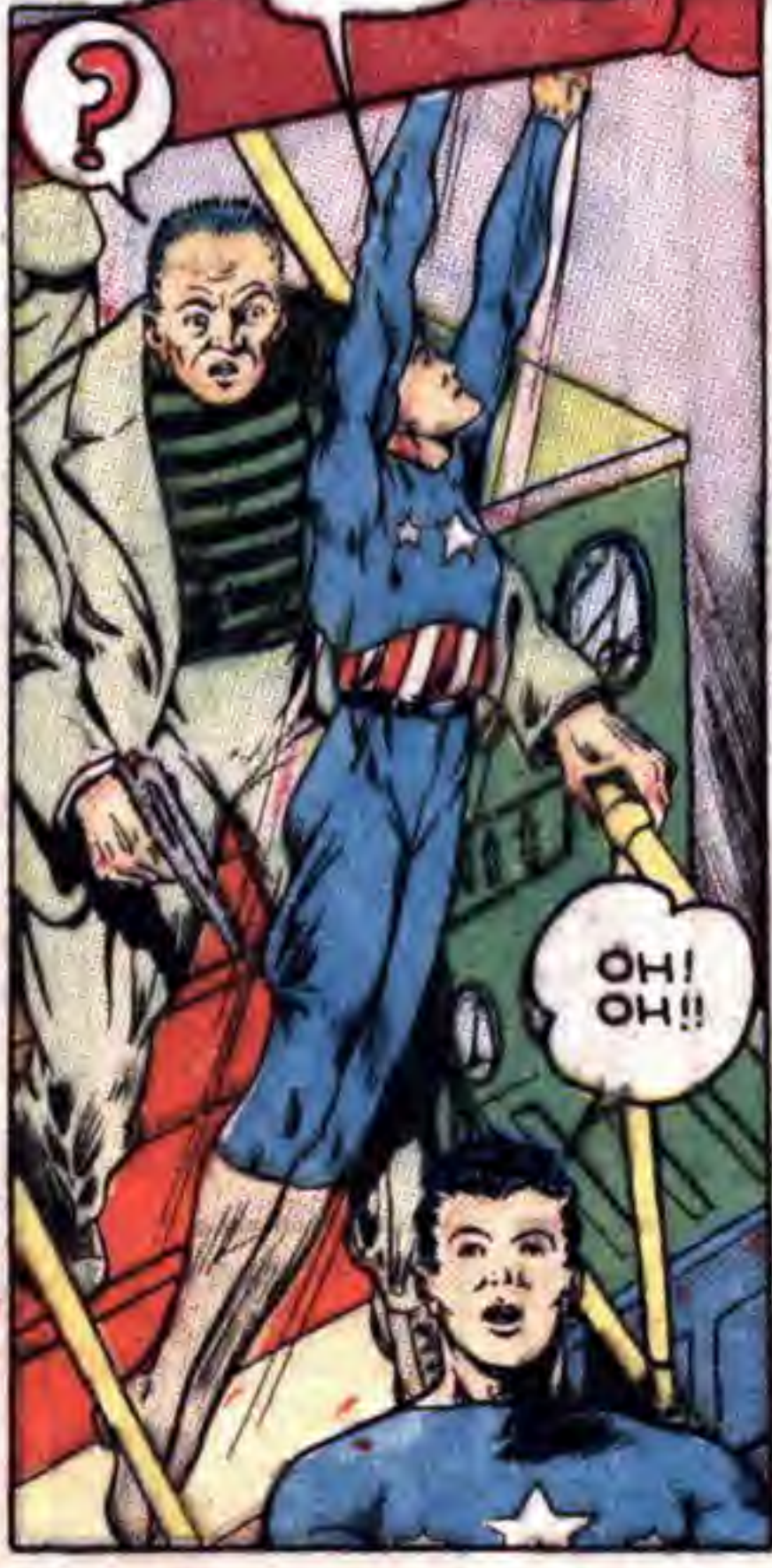


THERE'S NO NEED  
OF LOOKING... WE WILL  
TAKE YOU TO THEM!

RIGHT.. SO GET  
SET FOR ANYTHING  
!!

AT THE POINT OF GUNS,  
THE BRIGADIERS ARE  
TAKEN INTO THE HOLD  
OF THE SHIP...

WE GOTTA  
GET OUTA  
THIS!



OH!  
OH!!

OVER THE PIPE,  
RUSTY SWINGS...



AND DOWN UPON THE  
DUMFOUNDED  
ARMED NAZIS!!



HEY!

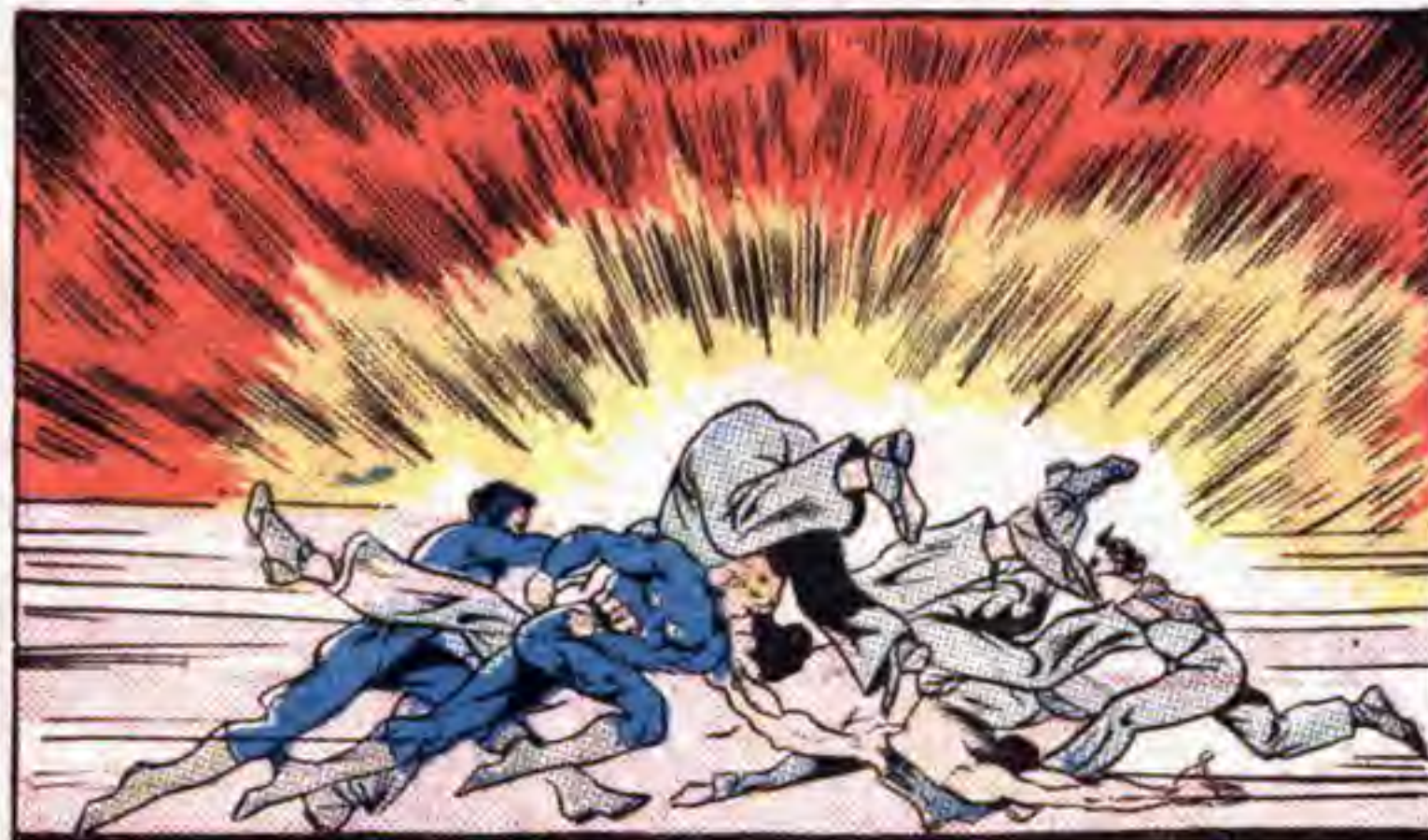






HEY, FELLAS.. LOOK! OH..OH.. HIT THEM LOW AND BRING 'EM UP HIGH!

AGAINST GOOD OLD AMERICAN FOOTBALL TACTICS, THE ON-RUSHING NAZI CREW-MEN ARE KNOCKED FOR A LOOP... THINKING THEY WERE HIT BY A TEN-TON STEAM ROLLER.....



WHEN WE PUT SOMEONE DOWN... WE MEAN TO PUT THEM DOWN FOR GOOD!!



WHERE'S THE REAL CREW? D., DOWN THERE!



OKAY-C'MON!



THIS DOOR'S LOCKED! WELL?

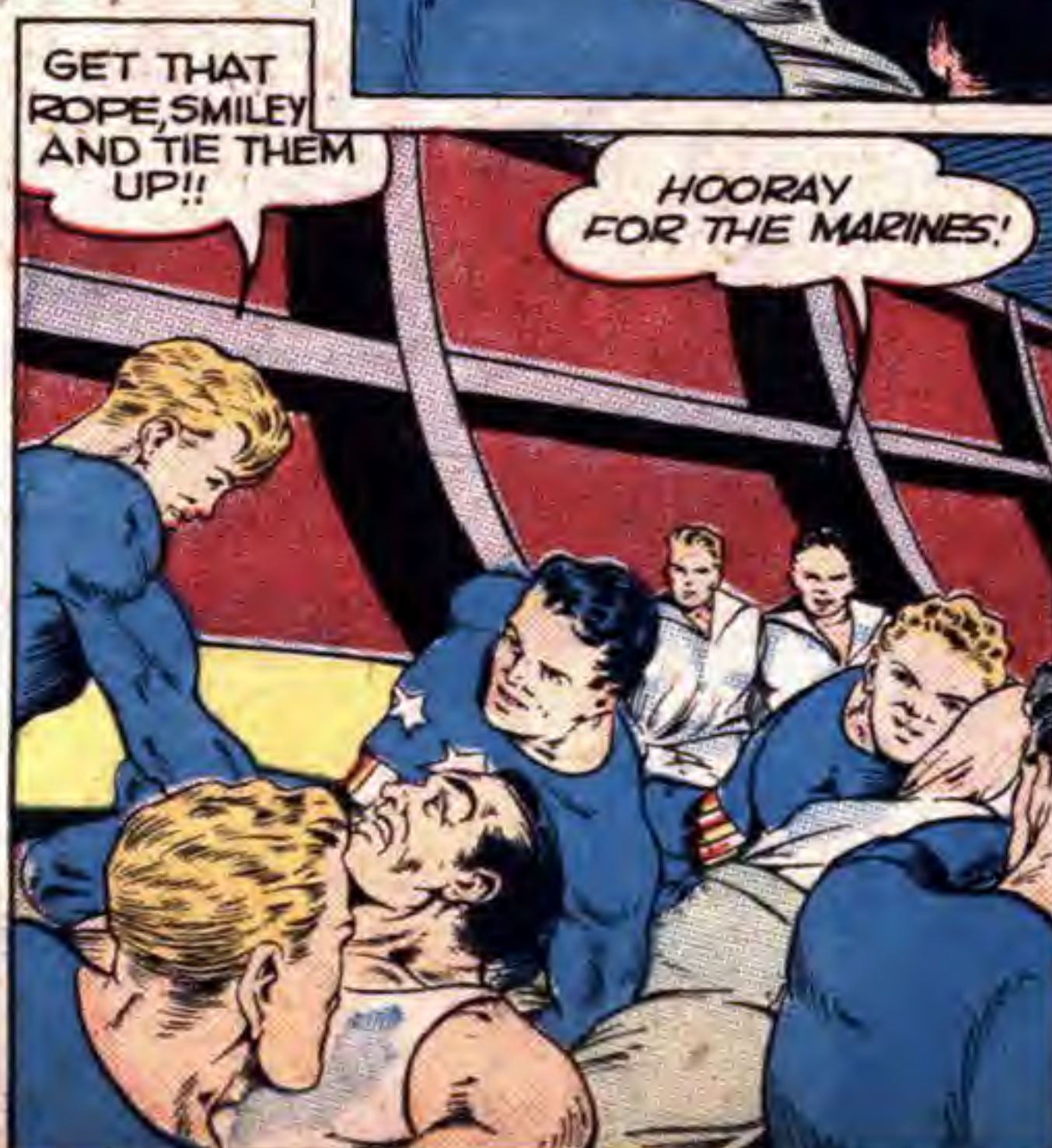
F-FRITZ- OPEN UP.. IT'S ME... KURT!



GOOD... I WAS WANTING SOME COM!... VAS ISS?



WELL- YOU'RE GETTING PLENTY OF COMPANY!



GET THAT ROPE, SMILEY AND TIE THEM UP!!

HOORAY FOR THE MARINES!



NO- THE BRIGADIERS! BUT WE'LL GET YOU LOOSE AS FAST AS THE MARINES WOULD !!!



HAVING TIED UP THE NAZI MEN, THE BRIGADIERS FREE THE REAL CREW.

WELL BOYS.. WE'RE FREE... BUT WHAT NOW? WE HAVEN'T A CHANCE OF GETTING CONTROL OF THIS BOAT AGAIN!

WHY NOT?

THEY'VE TAKEN ALL OUR GUNS.. AND EVERYONE OF THOSE RATS IS ARMED TO THE TEETH! ANYWAY.. EVEN IF WE DID WIN, ONE OF THEM WOULD PROBABLY BLOW US TO KINGDOM COME WITH THE DYNAMITE THAT'S PLANTED AROUND HERE!

MAYBE... BUT I'VE GOT AN IDEA THAT MIGHT WORK! C'MON.. I'LL TELL YOU ABOUT IT ON THE WAY!

OKAY!

A SHORT TIME LATER RUSTY STEPS OUT BEFORE THE NAZI LEADER, TALKING TO HIS MEN....

EVERYTHING IS SET... WE SAIL IN TEN MINUTES!

VAT? LOOK! HIM!

YEAH! YOU'RE NOT SAILING ANYWHERE! I LET FREE THE AMERICAN CREW AND SET THIS BOAT AFIRE!! IN NO TIME AT ALL IT WILL BE BLOWN TO BITS... BY THE DYNAMITE YOU YOURSELVES PLANTED!

HEY... TH' KID'S TELLING THE TRUTH! LOOK!

SMOKE!!

LEMME OUTA HERE!!

WE'LL BE KILLED!

LOOK OUT!

OKAY, GANG! HERE THEY COME!

AS THE NAZI HIJACKERS REACH THE SIDE OF THE BOAT, THEY ARE STOPPED SHORT BY THE AMERICAN SAILORS LEAPING UP SUDDENLY FROM ALL AROUND THEM!

OKAY, SMILEY... YOU CAN PUT OUT THAT FIRE OF OIL-SOAKED RAGS NOW.. I THINK UNCLE SAM IS WINNING. NO... HE HAS WON!

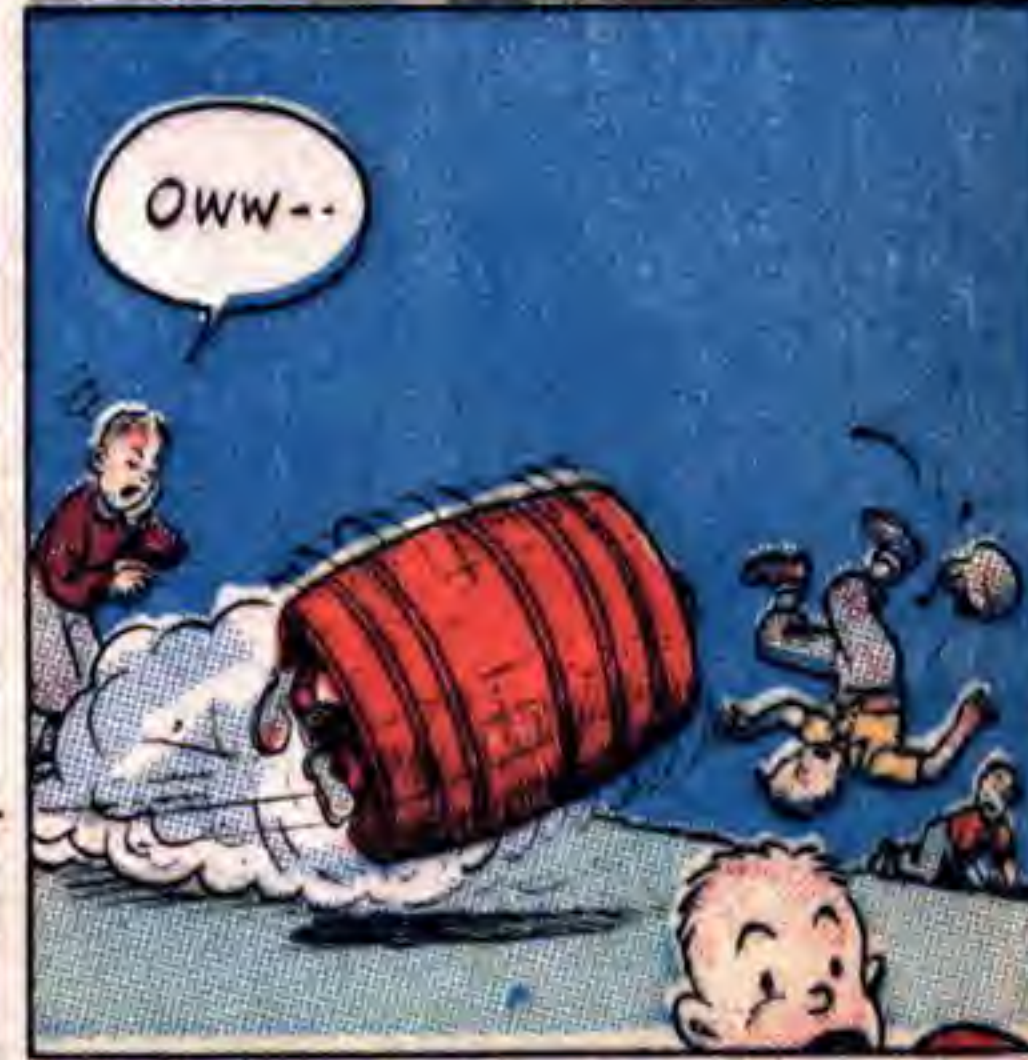
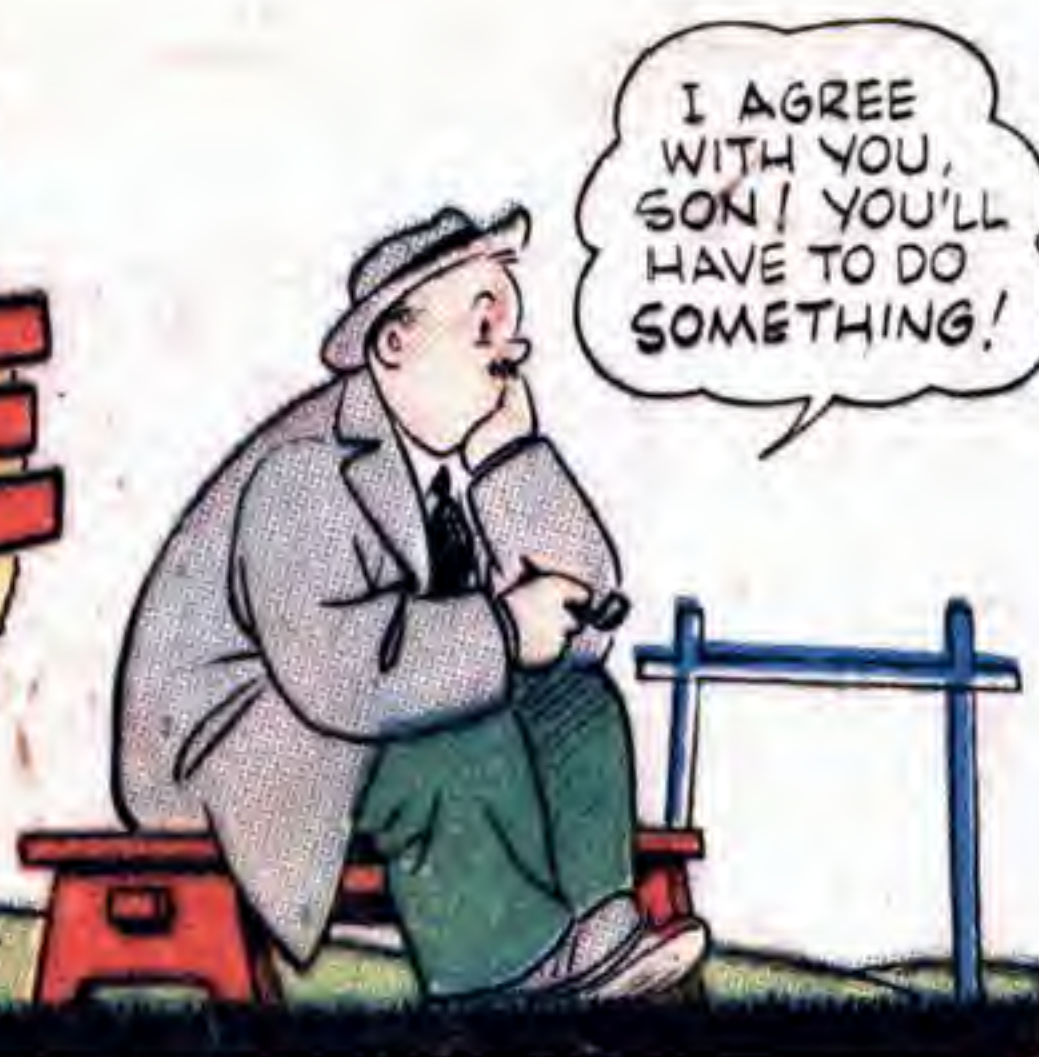
BOY-OH-BOY! I WISH THERE WERE MORE KIDS IN THIS COUNTRY LIKE YOU... RISKING YOUR NECKS TO HELP YOUR UNCLE SAM!

THERE'S MORE THAN YOU THINK CAPTAIN!!



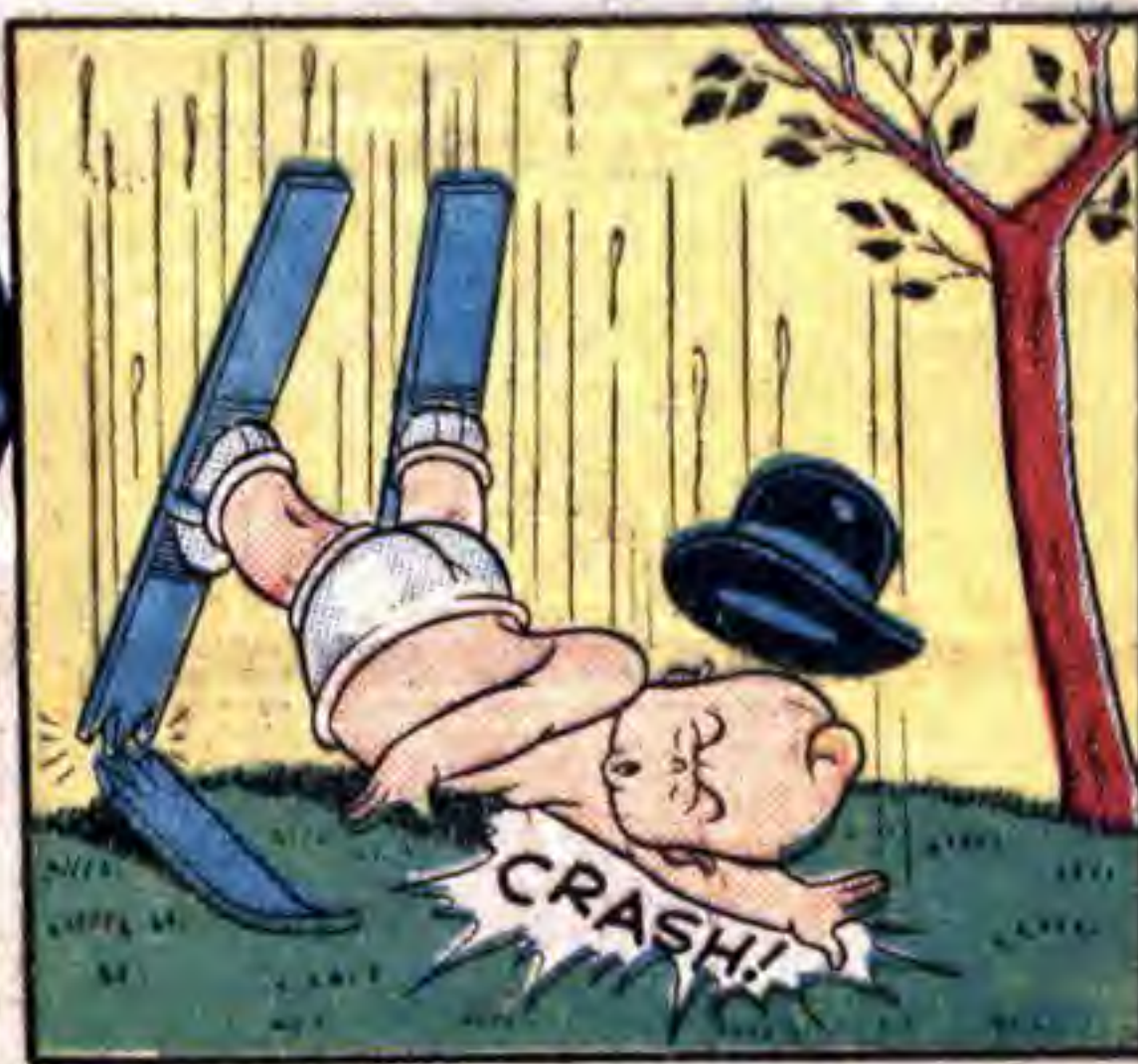
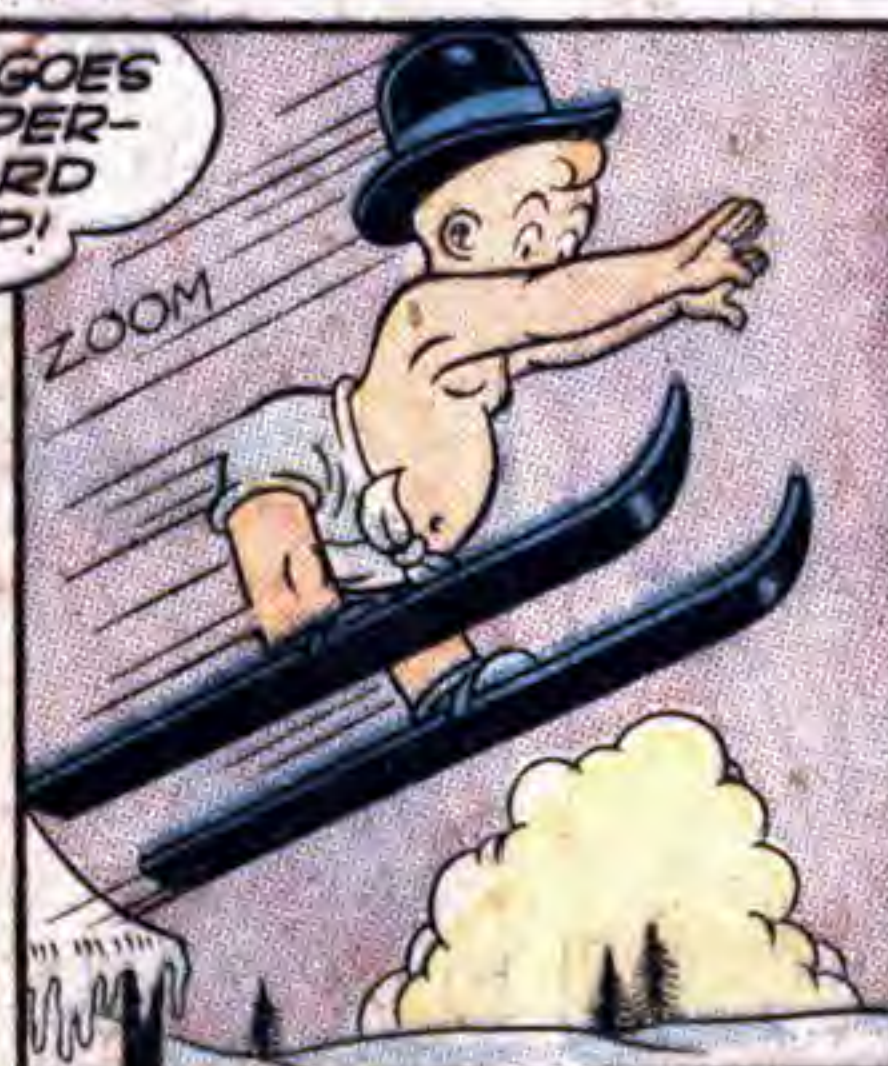
# HOMER DOODLE - AND SON

by  
ARTHUR  
BEEHMAN



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Poison Ivy will amuse you in the January issue of FEATURE COMICS.



# SPIN SHAW

OF THE NAVAL AIR CORPS

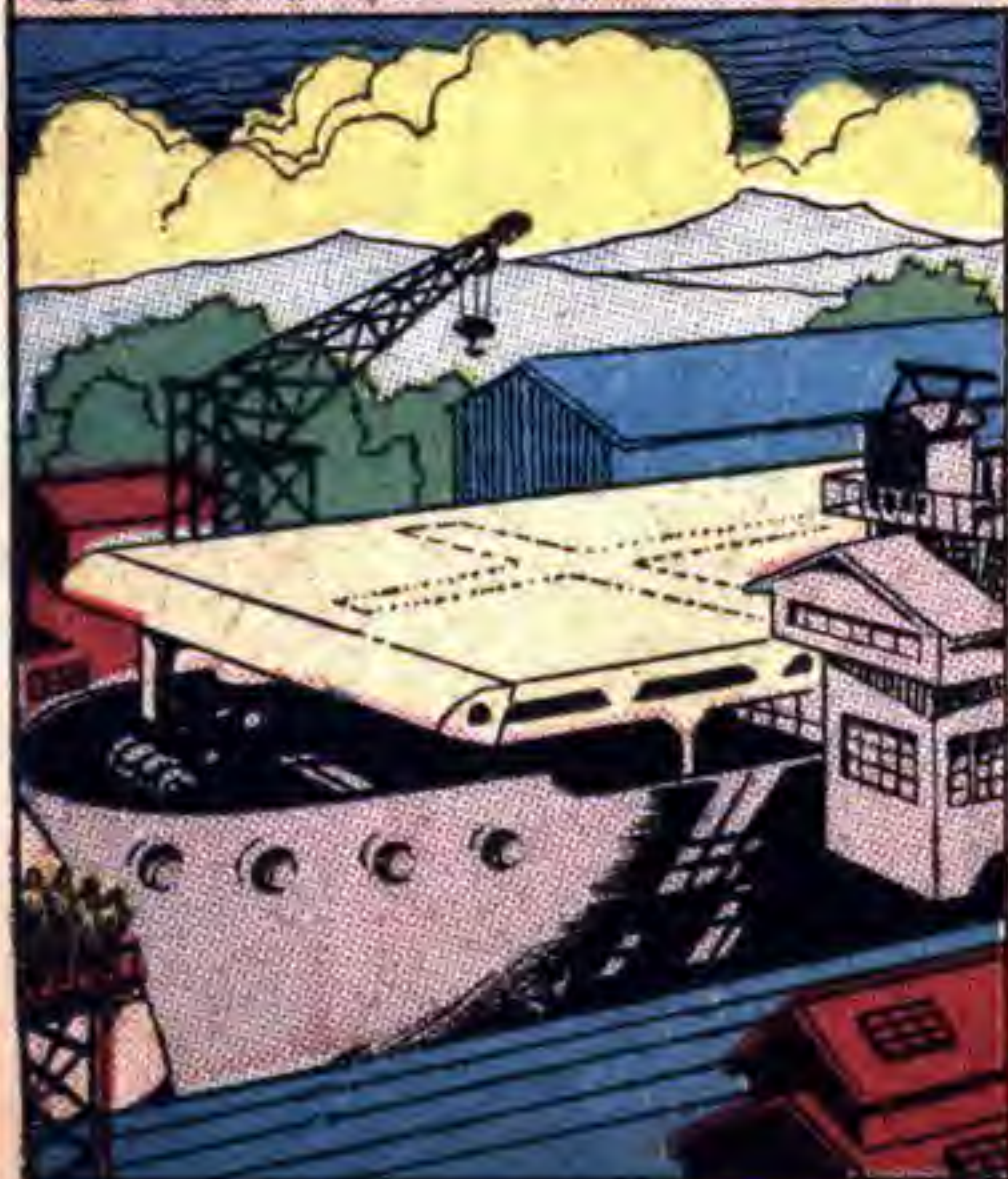
BY  
REX  
SMITH



**W**HILE DEFENSE KEEPS EVERY SHIPYARD AND FACTORY IN THE NATION BOOMING, INSIDIOUS FORCES DOMINATED BY FOREIGN INTERESTS UNDERMINE UNCLE SAM'S NEPHEWS. UNTIL SPIN SHAW STEPS IN. . . .

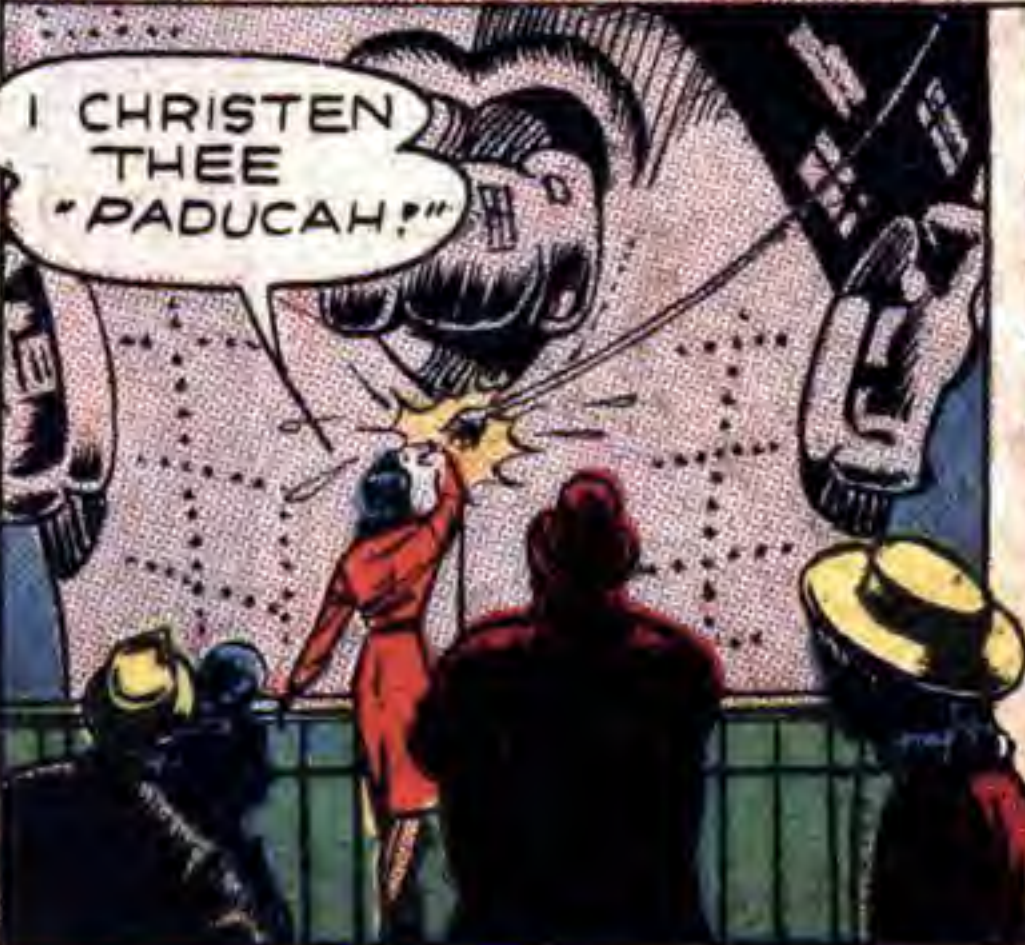


**U**NCLE SAM'S NEWEST AIRCRAFT CARRIER "PADUCAH" IS ABOUT TO BE CHRISTENED. A GREAT CROWD ASSEMBLES FOR THE CEREMONY.



**A**S A BATTERY OF PHOTOGRAPHERS SHOOT THE SCENE, A SENATOR'S LADY SMASHES THE TRADITIONAL CHAMPAGNE BOTTLE AGAINST THE KEEL.

I CHRISTEN THEE "PADUCAH!"

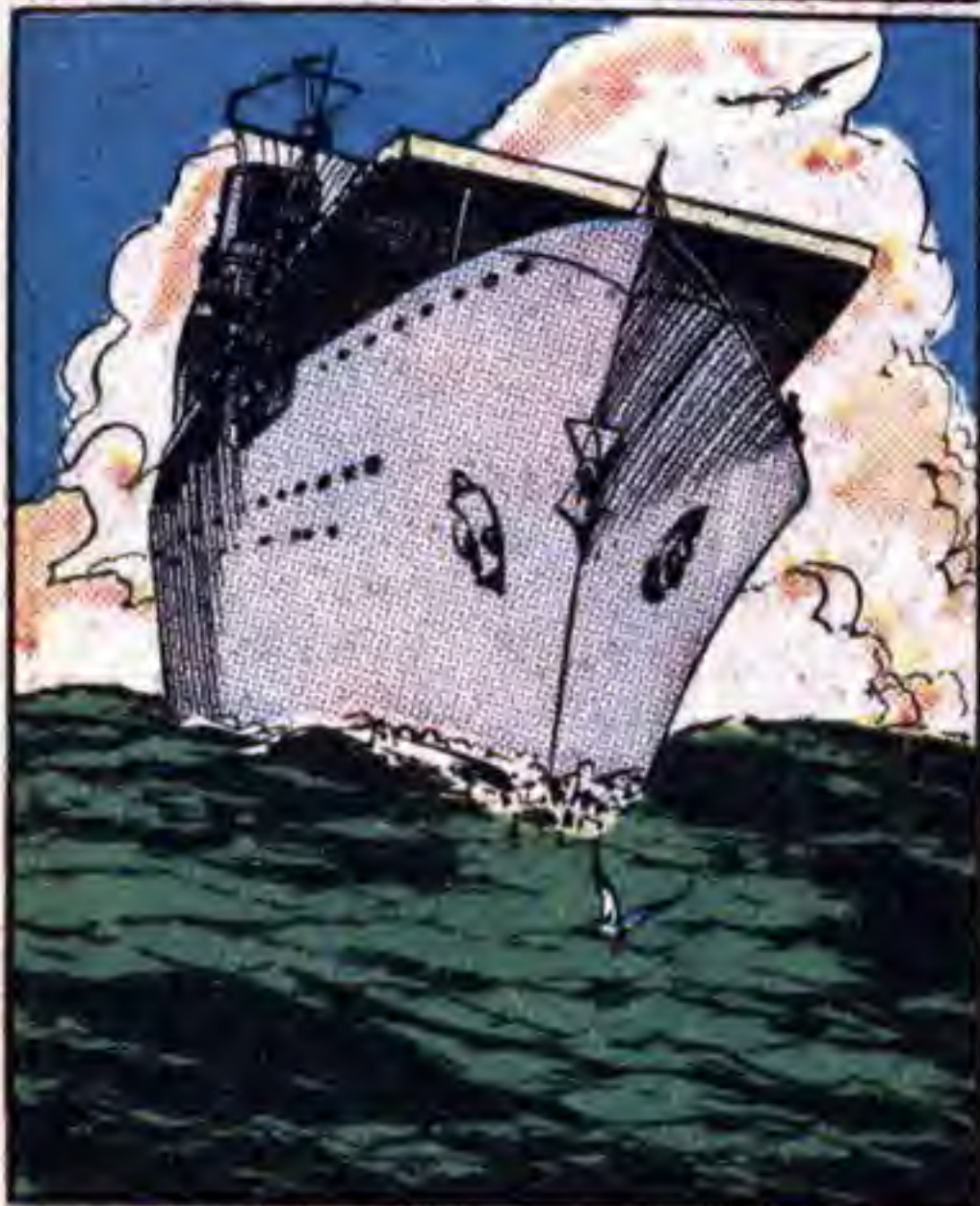


**G**RACEFULLY, THE VESSEL SLIDES DOWN THE WAYS.





A FEW DAYS LATER, THE NEW "PADUCAH" PLOWS THE WAVES IN HER FIRST RUN AT SEA..



ABOARD AS HONORARY GUEST IS LORD COFAX OF THE BRITISH ADMIRALTY, WHO IS POSING FOR PICTURES WITH THE PADUCAH'S COMMANDER... A VEILED WOMAN REPORTER TAKES MANY NOTES OF THE EVENT..



GLAD TO INSPECT THIS LATEST LINK IN OUR JOINT DEFENSE CHAIN..

WE'RE HONORED TO HAVE YOU, SIR!

SUDDENLY SPIN, ON HONOR GUARD DUTY, STIFFENS IN ALARM.



HOLY SMOKES! THAT CAMERA CONCEALS A GUN!

INSTANTLY HE DODGES BETWEEN LORD COFAX AND THE NEWS PHOTOGRAPHER JUST AS A MURDEROUS BULLET LEAPS FROM THE CAMERA.



CURSE HIM! WE'VE FAILED!

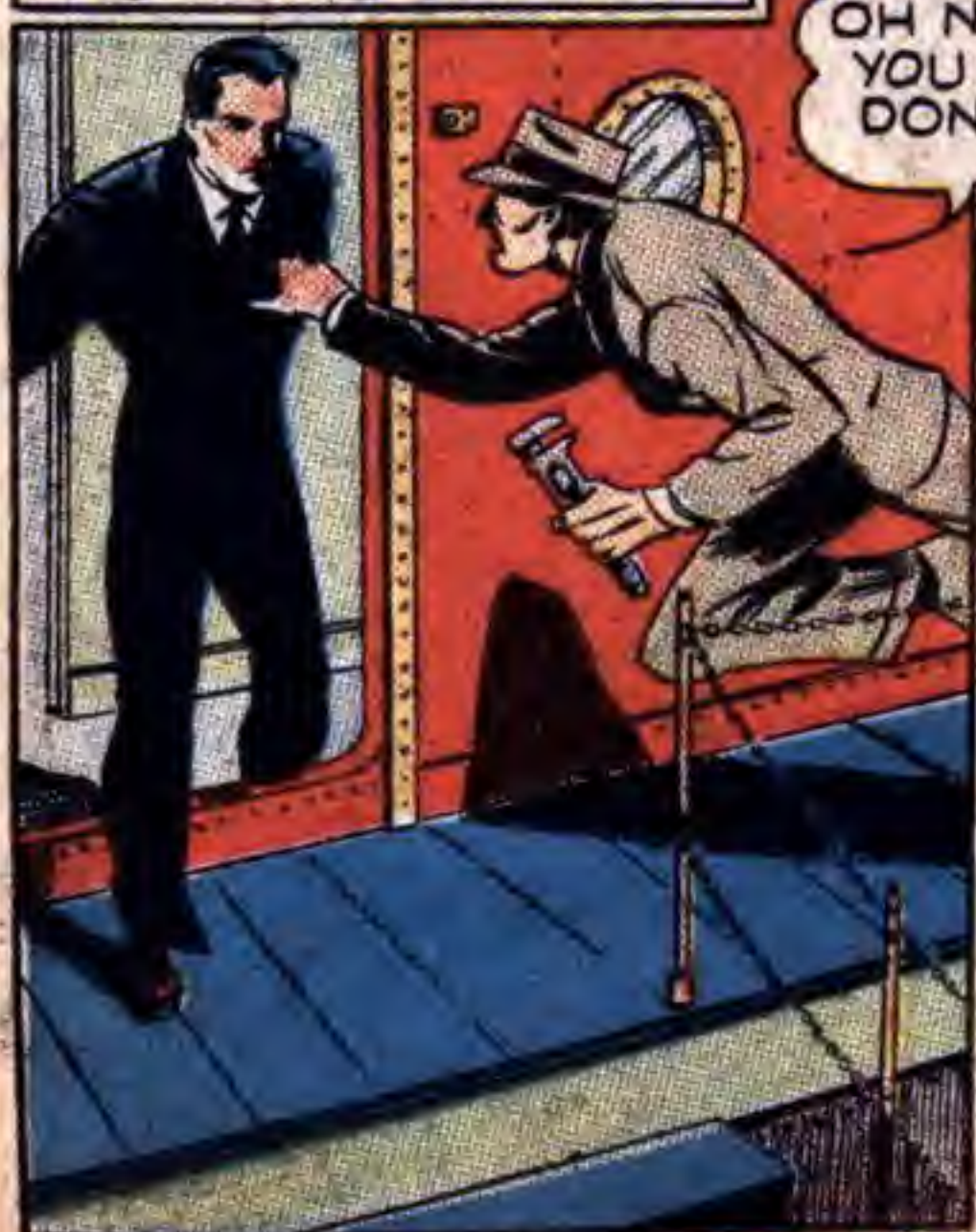
OOF!

VELMA! RUN!

AN OFFICER SWINGS AT THE WOULD-BE ASSASSIN, AS THE VEILED LADY DUCKS DOWN A HATCH.



SPIN STARTS AFTER HER, BUT A FIGURE LEAPS AT HIM FROM THE SHADOWS.



OH NO YOU DON'T!

THE THUG WIELDS A HEAVY WRENCH.



SPIN DUCKS AGILELY AND SAILS UP WITH A JAW-BREAKER RIGHT.





LEAVING HIS ASSAILANT OUT COLD ON THE DECK, SPIN DARTS AFTER THE "MYSTERY WOMAN".



HE RACES DOWN A CORRIDOR AND...

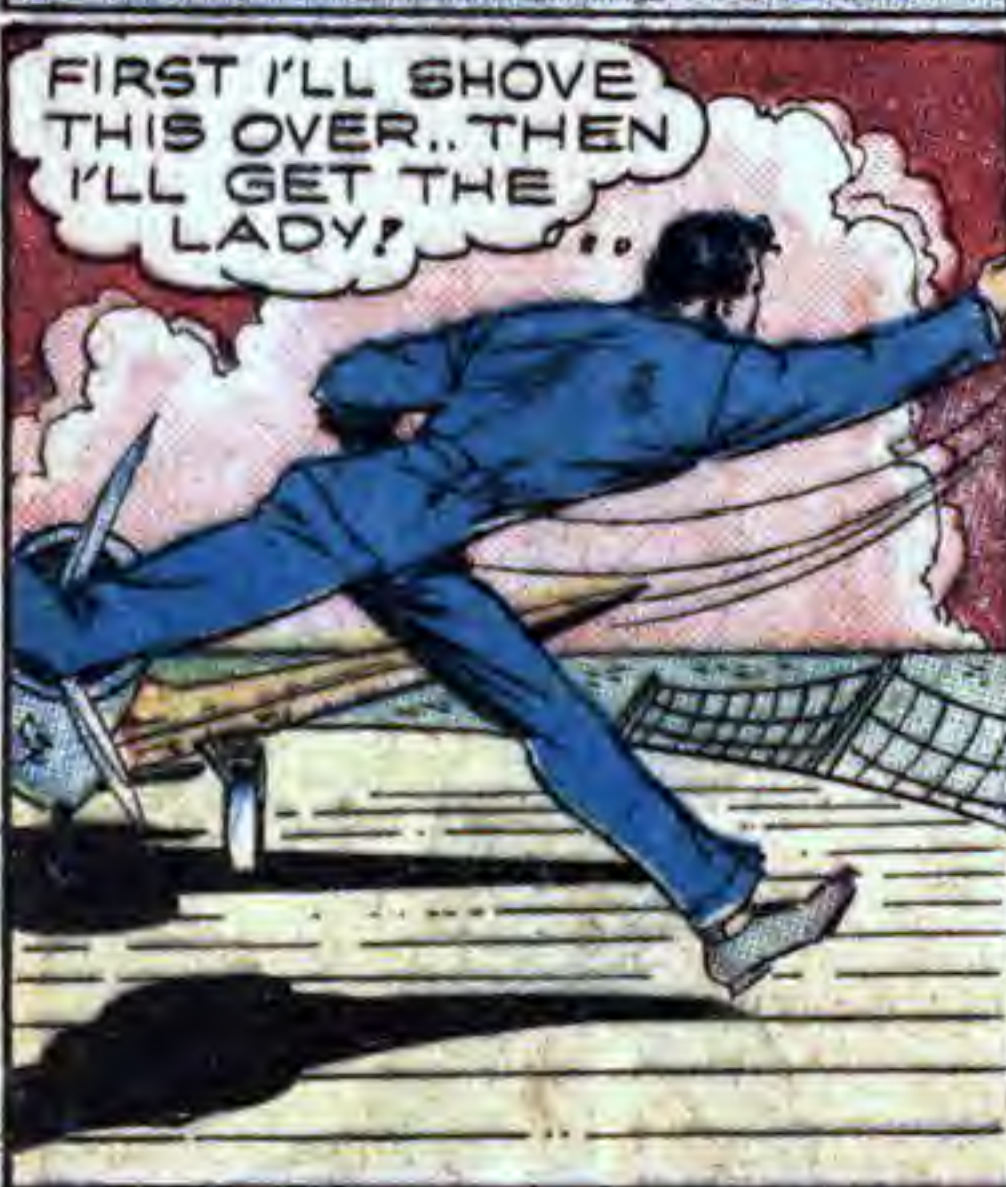
THERE SHE IS! AND SHE'S PLANTED SOMETHING!



NO TIME TO CATCH HER NOW.. THIS IS AN ELECTRIC TIME BOMB SHE LEFT! I'LL HAVE TO GET RID OF IT!



NOT A SECOND TOO SOON, SPIN GRABS THE BOMB AND DASHES TO THE TOP DECK.



FIRST I'LL SHOVE THIS OVER.. THEN I'LL GET THE LADY!

AND AT THE RISK OF HIS LIFE, HURLS THE EXPLOSIVE INTO THE SEA.



WHEW! THAT WAS A NARROW ESCAPE!

MEANWHILE THE CAMERAMAN HAS COME TO.. SECURING A PLANE THROUGH A SPY SAILOR, HE AND THE GIRL PREPARE TO TAKE OFF.



THANKS, SAILOR! OUR LEADER PAYS YOU WELL FOR THIS!

LIKE A SWIFT ARROW SHOT FROM A BOW, THE SLEEK SHIP LEAVES THE CATAPULT AND GAINS ALTITUDE...



BUT SPIN IS AWARE OF THE SPIES' ESCAPE.



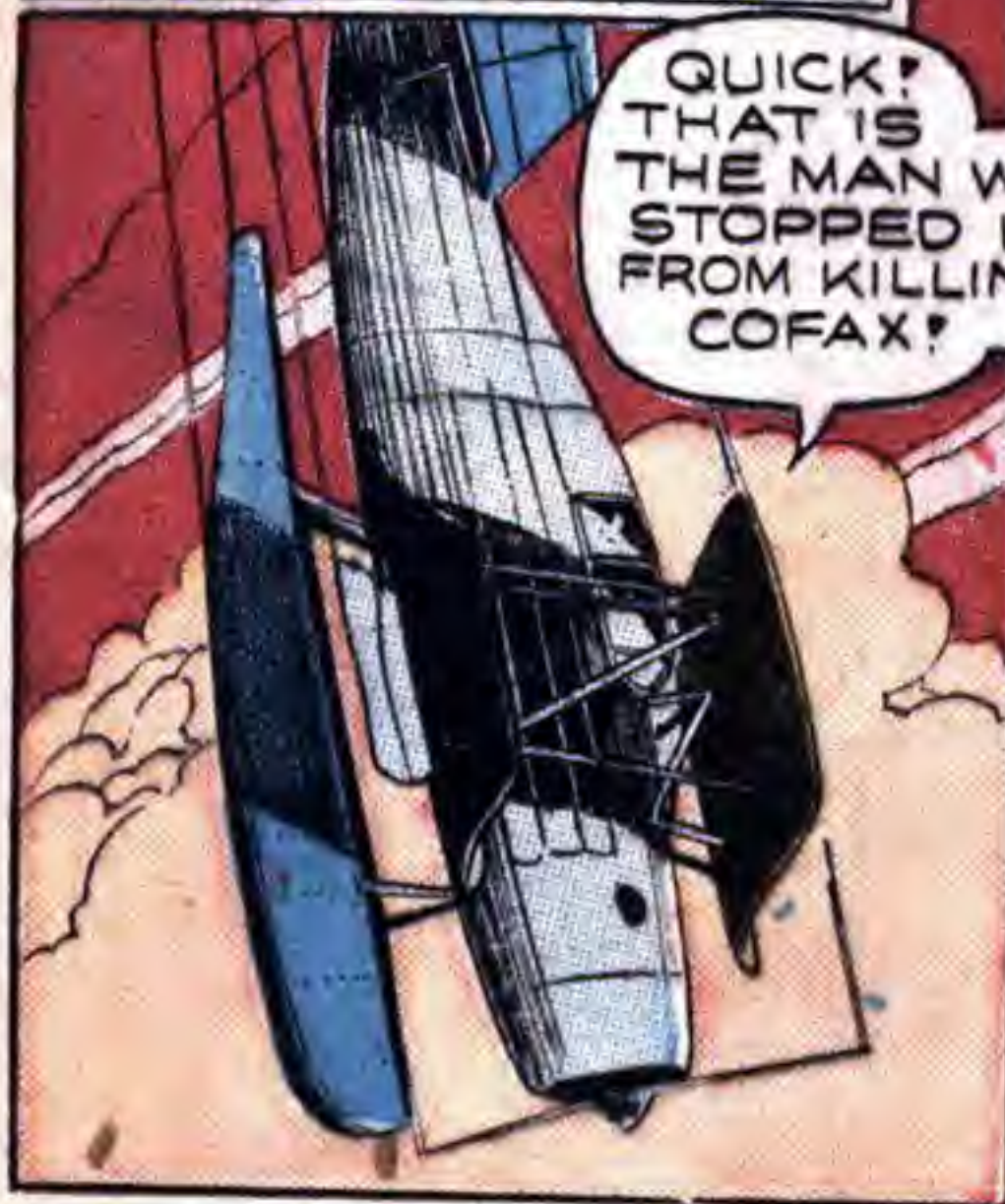
BEFORE THEY REACH THEIR LEADER, THEY'LL HAVE ME TO RECKON WITH!

SO.. A FEW MINUTES LATER, ANOTHER SHIP TAKES OFF WITH SPIN AT THE CONTROLS.



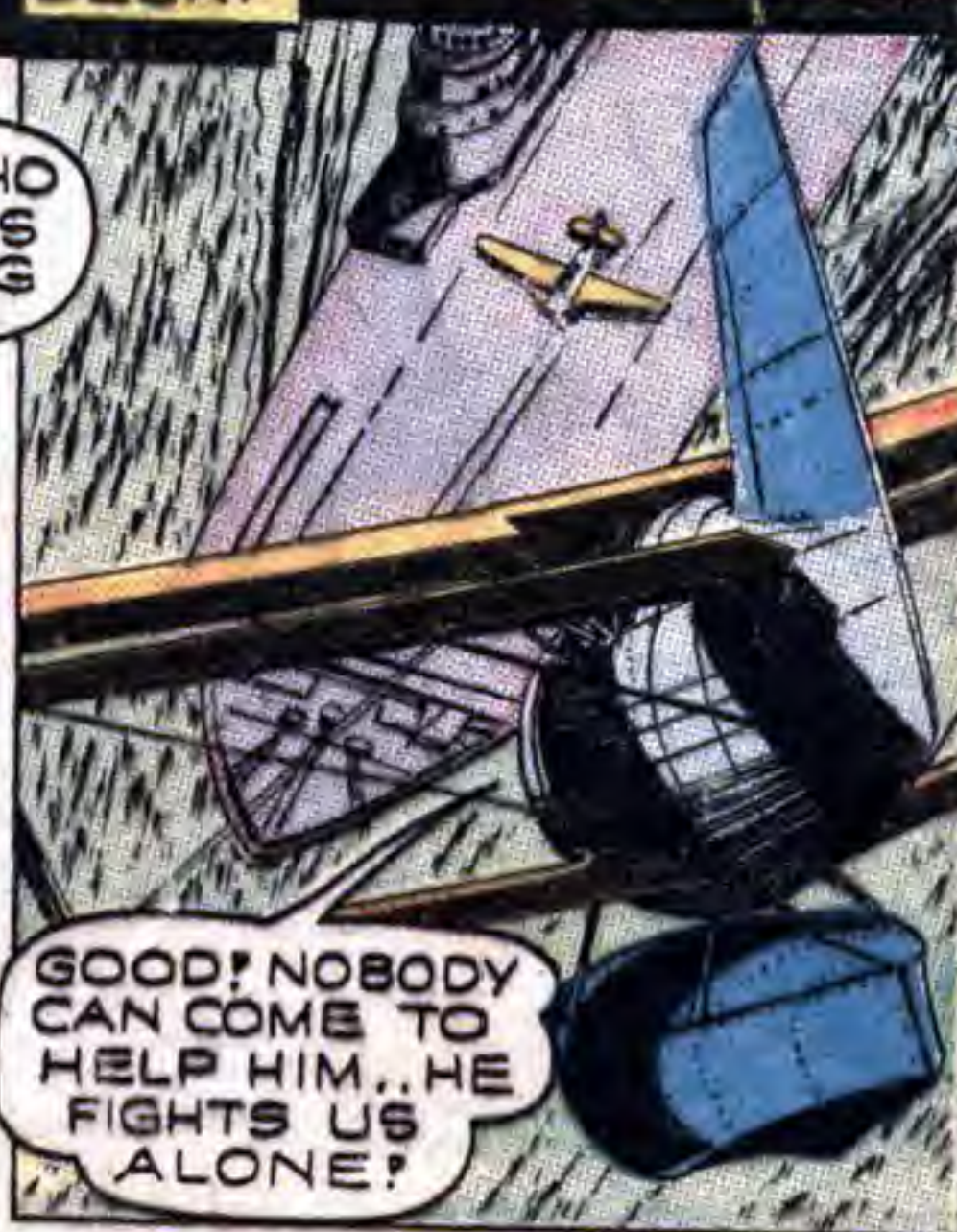


BUT AS SWIFTLY AS SPIN'S PLANE NOSES UP, THE OTHER PLANE ZOOMS DOWN TO ATTACK.



QUICK! THAT IS THE MAN WHO STOPPED US FROM KILLING COFAX!

IN VENGEFUL FURY, THE SPIES SWOOP LOW TO RIDDLE THE PLANES ON THE CARRIER'S DECK.



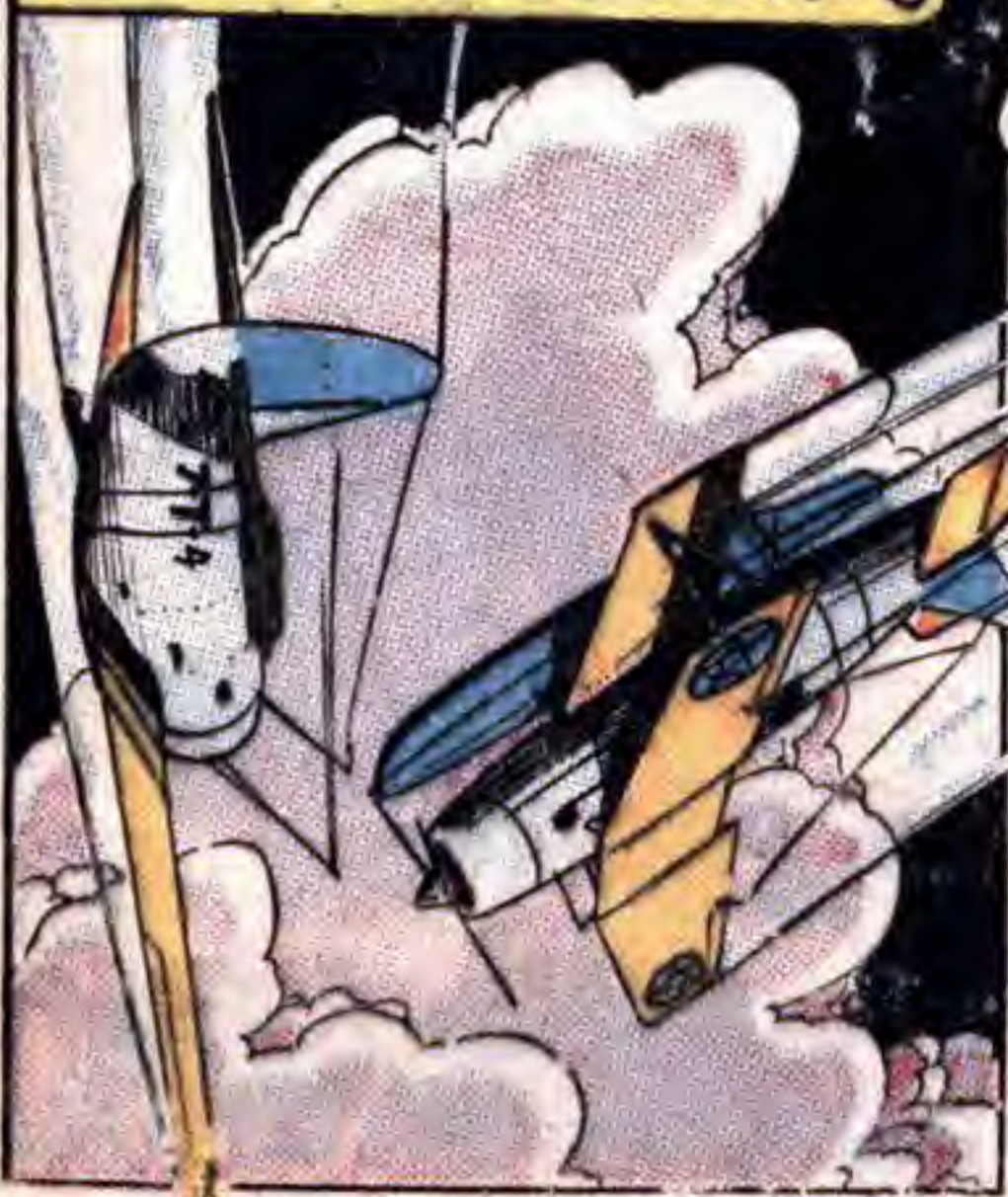
GOOD! NOBODY CAN COME TO HELP HIM.. HE FIGHTS US ALONE!

SPIN PLUNGES DOWN ANGRILY.

WHY..THE DIRTY SO AND SO'S? I'LL SHRED THEM TO SPLINTERS FOR THIS!



SKILLFULLY OUTMANEUVERING THE SPIES, HE DODGES DEVASTATING BULLETS.



BUT SUDDENLY..

UH-OH! MY GUN'S JAMMED!



I'LL HAVE TO LICK 'EM ANOTHER WAY!



SPIN GRABS A DRUM OF AMMUNITION AND HURLS IT FULL AT THE SPY PLANE.



HERE! A PRESENT FROM UNCLE SAM!

THE EXPLOSIVES STRIKE THE PROP, BLOWING IT TO BITS.



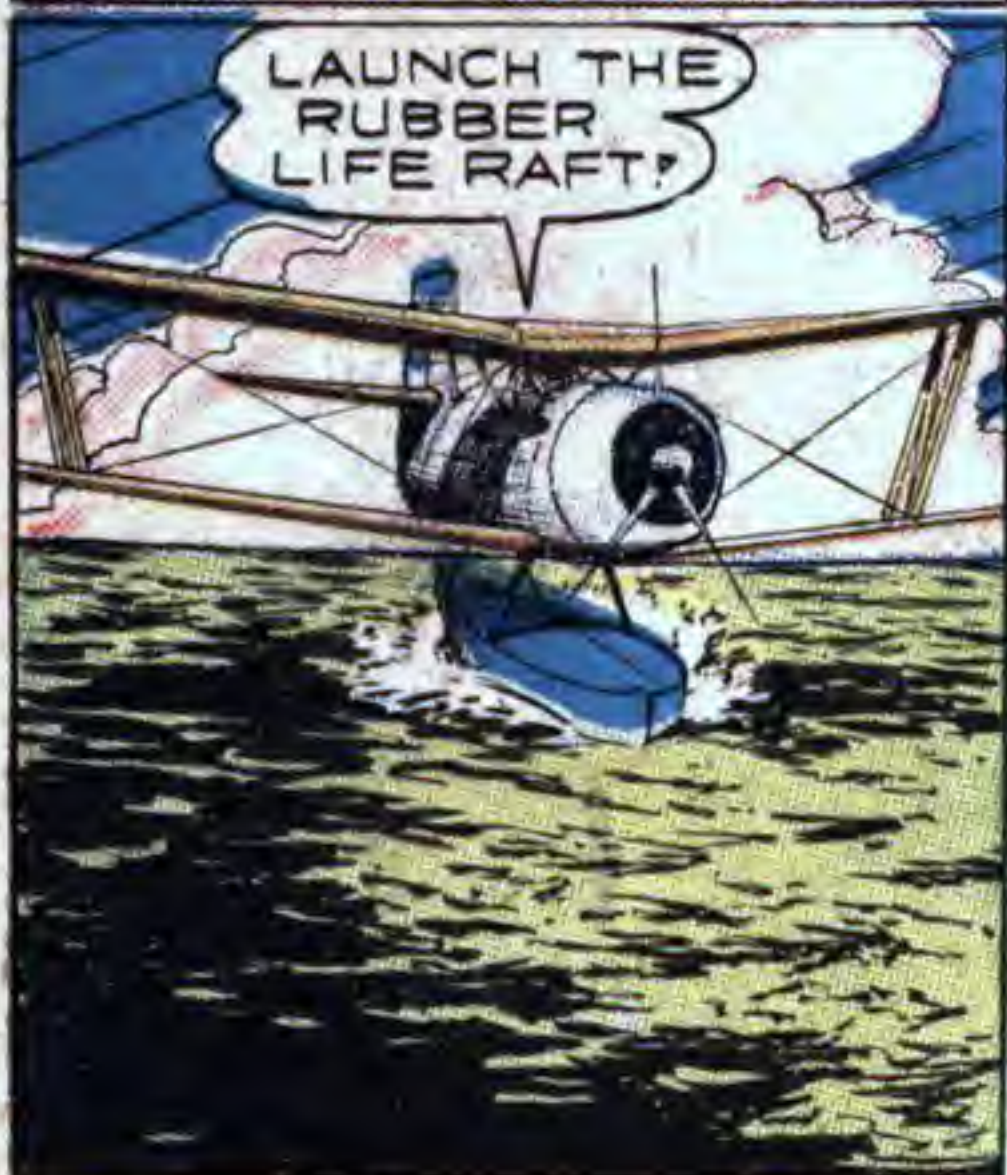
POWERLESS, THE SPY SHIP GLIDES TO THE WATER.



NOW FOR SOME MORE FUN!



ONCE ON THE SEA, THE SPY PLANE RESTS MOTIONLESS, UNABLE TO GAIN ENOUGH MOMENTUM TO FLEE.



THE COUPLE HOPS INTO A PNEUMATIC RAFT BUT...



SPIN ZOOMS LOW.. AT TOP SPEED HE HEADS FOR THE RAFT..



THE PLANE SKIMS OVER THE RAFT.. SO CLOSE THAT THE SPIES DIVE OVERBOARD TO SAVE THEIR NECKS.



MEANWHILE THE PADUCAH'S COMMANDER SPOTS THE ACTION.



WHILE SPIN CIRCLES OVER THE COUPLE, THE NAVY LAUNCH CHUGS TO THE RESCUE.



GRACEFULLY, SPIN HEADS FOR THE HOME DECK.



TEN MINUTES LATER..



JUST THEN LORD COFAX STRIDES OVER.





## -RED RYDER

**DAISY MANUFACTURING COMPANY, 4912 UNION STREET, PLYMOUTH, MICHIGAN, U. S. A.**





O.K. Fellows! Here they are!

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